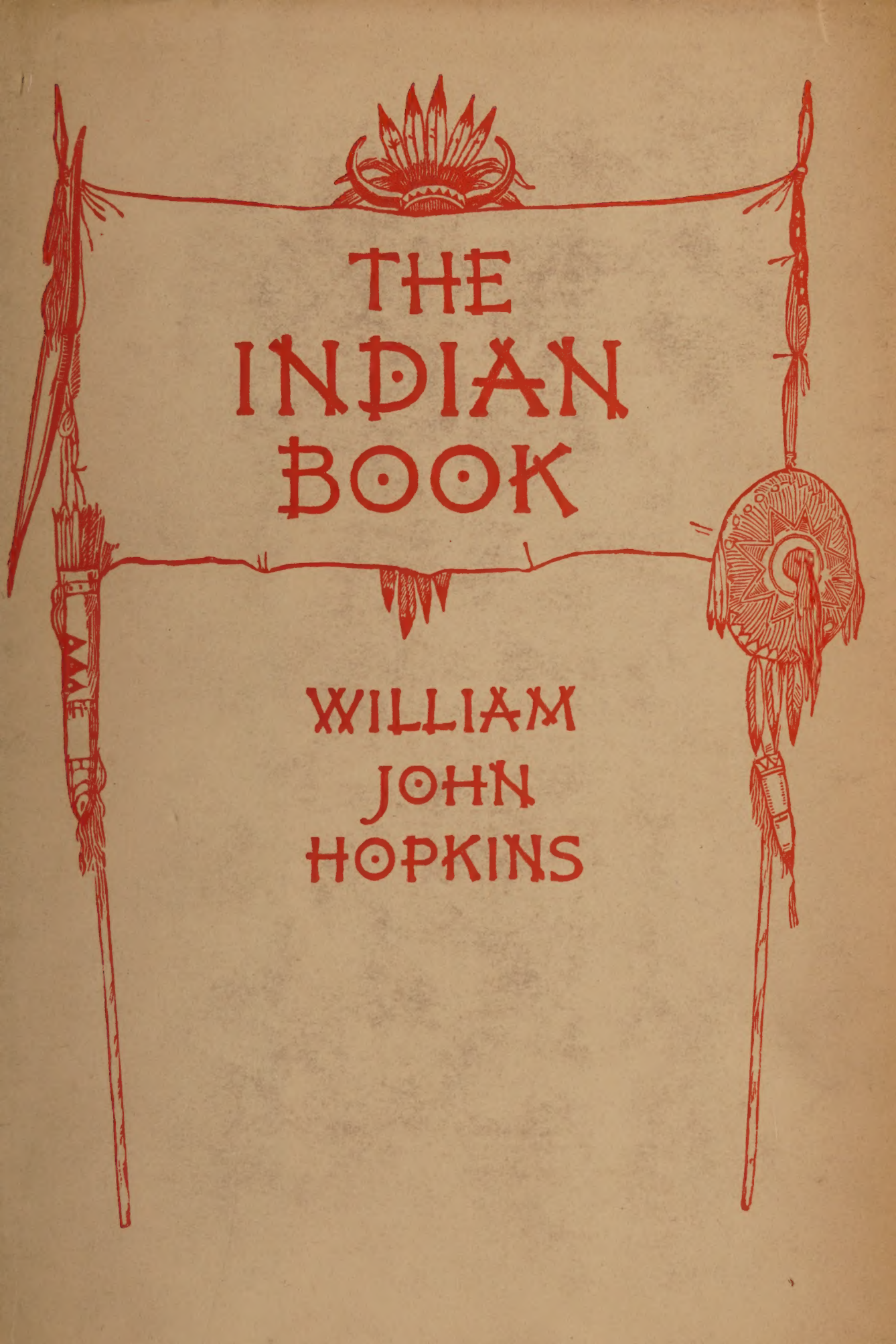


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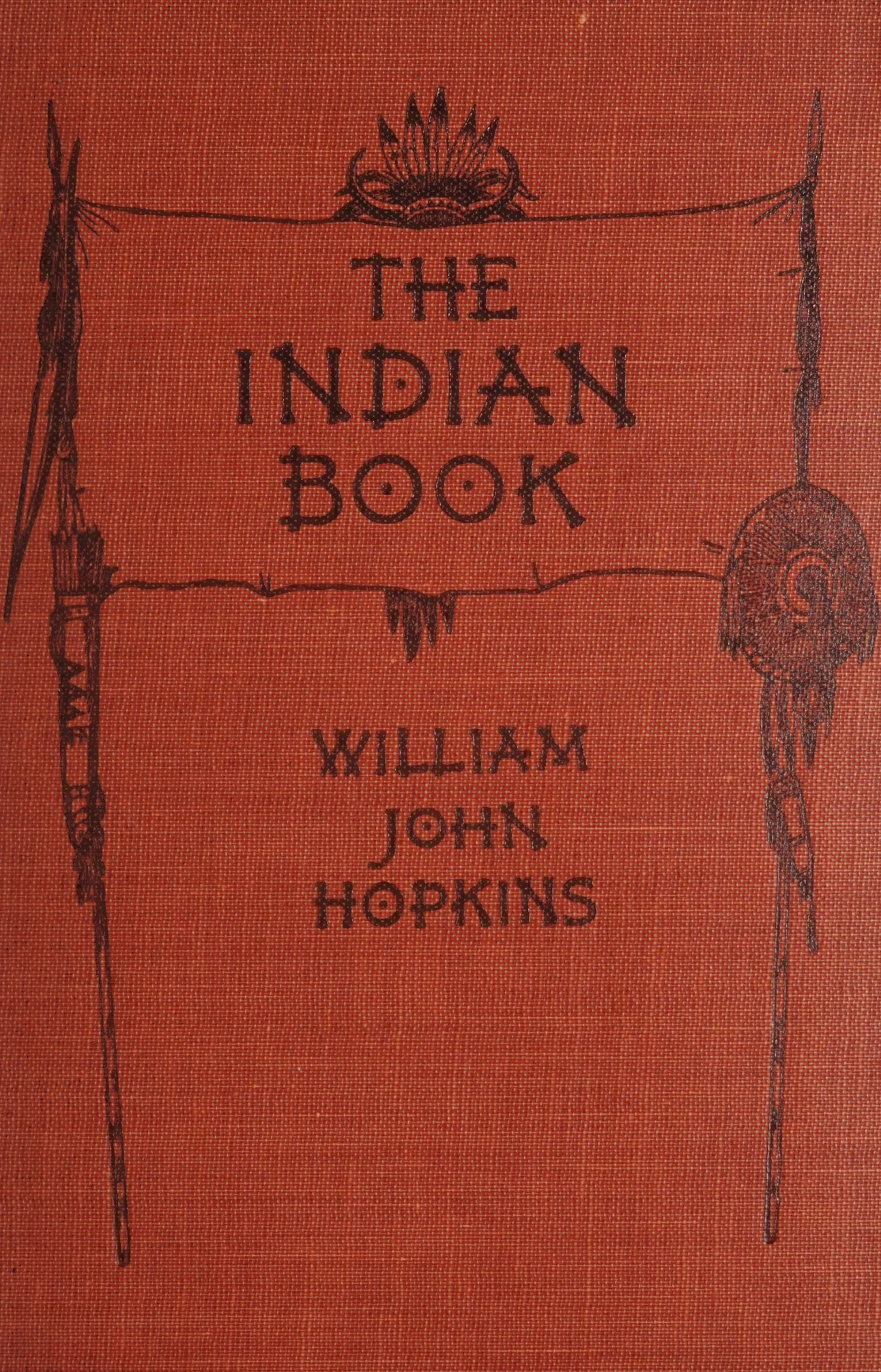
WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

INDIAN STORIES

By James Willard Schultz

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ, or Ap-i-kun-i, — to give him his Indian name, — went West in the '70's, joined a tribe of Blackfeet, and for years lived, hunted, and fought side by side with them. From these experiences he has drawn material for his books, which have been called 'the best of their kind ever written.'

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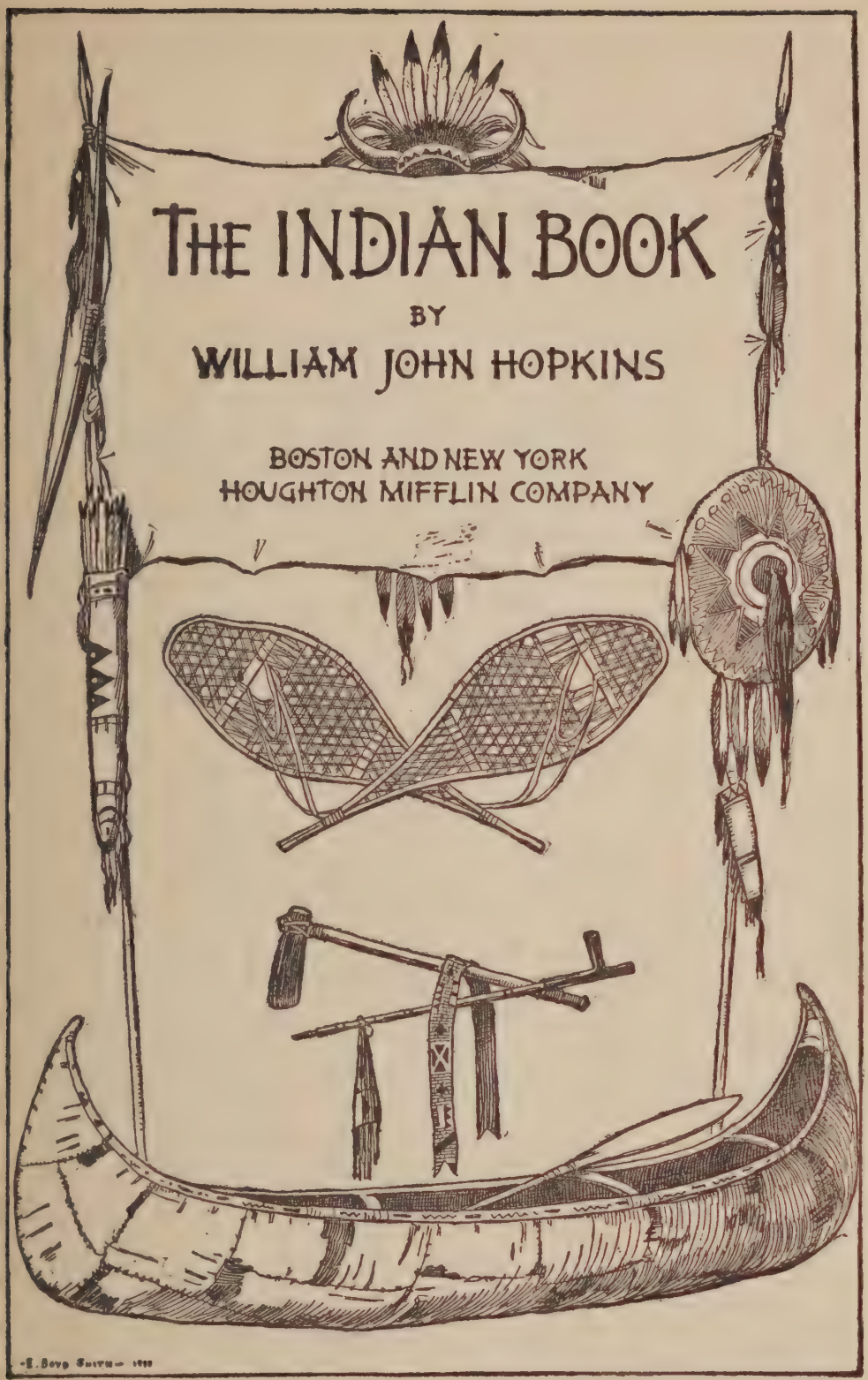
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MAH-TO-TOH-PA, A MANDAN CHIEF


THE INDIAN BOOK
BY
WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS
BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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The illustrations are reproduced from the famous drawings and paintings by George Catlin, used to illustrate his work upon the American Indian.

THE INDIAN BOOK

THE INDIAN BOOK

INTRODUCTION

ONCE upon a time there was a great river that flowed through a pretty prairie country. In some places the trees grew thickly along the shores, and there were pretty little coves where reeds grew and where the wild ducks went. But up on the prairie there were n't any trees. There was nothing but the long prairie-grass and the gentle little hills, and the herds of buffalo and antelope and wild horses, and, once in a while, a pack of sneaking wolves or a grizzly bear with her cubs, and places where prairie-dogs lived, and a war-eagle, flying high over, and rabbits and every other skip-

ping and creeping and crawling thing that lives in such a country.

This great enormous river is the Missouri. It is many hundreds of miles long, but the part of it that will be told about in these stories is in the middle of what is now North Dakota, more than fifty miles above Bismarck. Now, there aren't any buffalo nor any antelope nor any wild horses nor any grizzly bears. But there are still the gentle little hills.

Once, more than a hundred years ago, there was a tribe of Indians who called themselves See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee, which means the people of the pheasants. Other people called that tribe the Mandans. There were a good many people in the Mandan tribe, and they lived in ten villages that were close together on the

bank of the Missouri, not very far from the place where Bismarck is now.

But a great many of the men of the Mandan tribe had been killed by the Sioux (Dah-co-tah) Indians and by other Indians. And, at last, a great sickness came, so that the tribe was not nearly so large as it had been. And the people who were left did n't want to live in their old villages any longer, for there were n't enough of them to live in ten villages. Two villages would be enough. And they were afraid of their old villages, anyway.

So the medicine-men and the chiefs went, together, into the medicine-lodge, where all kinds of queer things were done, and they sat around in a circle and smoked their long pipes, that were made of a curious red stone with the stems ornamented with quills of

the porcupine and with bunches of feathers. And, a great deal of the time, nobody said anything, but they all smoked their pipes and thought what they should do. Then, when a man had thought of something that he ought to tell the others, he got up and told it to them.

At last, an old chief got up; and he spoke to the others in a sad voice and the others listened. The old chief said that their villages must be bad medicine; for their young men had been killed in great numbers by the Dah-co-tahs, and their people had fallen before the big sickness like the leaves of the willow in autumn, until he had become afraid that there would be none left to fight or to plant the corn or to keep their lodge-fires alive. And he knew, and they all knew, that there were good places farther up the river,

where new villages could be built. There were places where the banks of the river were very steep and high and all of jagged, many-colored rocks, and the river flowed deep down in the bed that it had cut through them. Here, among the rocks, the mountain sheep lived. And, up above, there was the prairie, and the herds of buffalo and antelope and wild horses were there as they were here. And he advised them to send out runners to all the people of the tribe to tell them to go.

Then the old chief sat down and smoked his pipe again. And the others talked among themselves, and the words of the old chief seemed good to them. So they decided that the people must move; and they sent out runners to tell all the people that they must be ready on a certain day.

I

THE LOADING STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there were some villages where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The houses or lodges were round and were covered with dirt, so that they looked like a lot of earthenware pots turned upside down. And the paths between the lodges were narrow, so that it was all three people could do to get between the lodges when they were walking abreast.

In a lodge of one of these villages lived Mah-ha, the Arrow, and his wife, Sha-ko-ka, Mint, and their two sons, San-ja-ka-

ko-ka, the Deceiving Wolf, and O-me-pah, the Elk.

One morning, more than a hundred years ago, all the people in all these villages were very busy and they were hurrying about the narrow paths. The reason that all these people were so busy was that they would leave their villages on that day and move to another place.

For, a few days before, there had come runners from the council of chiefs and medicine-men. These runners were young men, and they carried in their hands something that would show to all the Indians that they came from the chiefs; and they had knocked on each lodge, and they had told the people that lived there to be ready to move all the things that they wanted to carry away with them, and they must be ready to go on a

certain morning. The people were glad, for they didn't want to stay in those old villages, because they had got to thinking that they were "bad medicine"; and that means that they thought they were unlucky, but they didn't know why. And this was the morning on which they must be ready to go.

Now, Mah-ha wasn't very much over thirty years old, but he was a sort of under chief, something like the second mate on a ship. And San-ja-ka-ko-ka was about thirteen years old, and O-me-pah was eight, and Sha-ko-ka, their mother, was about twenty-eight; but none of them knew exactly how old they were. When the boys wanted to know, they had to go to their father and get him to count the notches that he had cut on the long stem of his

pipe. He cut a fresh notch every spring, when the leaves of the willow began to unfold, and he had marked the places the notches had got to when the boys were born. He had just cut a fresh notch because the willows had just come out.

But, on the morning that this story tells about, Mah-ha was not near his lodge. He had gone out, just as soon as he could see, and he had caught his favorite horse, and he had taken his shield and his lance and his bow and arrows.

His shield was of the skin of the buffalo's neck, where it was very thick and tough, and Sha-ko-ka had made it almost white, and had rubbed glue into it and other things until it was tougher than ever. Then Mah-ha had drawn a kind of picture on it, with a sort of colored clay, and he

had made Sha-ko-ka put feathers all about the edge, and a strap to hang it around his neck.

And his lance was middle-sized long, and it had a shaft of ash wood, with feathers on it, and its head or point was made of a sharpened bone. And his bow was rather a short bow, made of a kind of bone that they dug out of the ground. It was very fine-grained and white and strong, and there were some deer-sinews on the back of the bow, to make it shoot harder.

His arrows were tipped with bone or with flint, and they were of two kinds, one kind to be used against men, and the other kind to be used against beasts. And they were carried in a quiver made of the skin of an otter, with feathers and fringes of porcupine quills and little du-dads hanging



INDIAN WEAPONS AND MEDICINE-BAGS

from it. He carried his quiver hanging over his shoulder. When Mah-ha had put on all these things he had taken his medicine-bag in his hand and he had ridden away.

But Sha-ko-ka did n't mind, because that was the way Mah-ha always did. That was the way all Indian men did. So she sent San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah to catch the rest of their horses, and she went to work.

The lodge was as big as a small house, and it had a great many big logs in it, each log almost as big round as a little boy's body and taller than a man. Sha-ko-ka was going to take away as many of the logs as she could, because it was n't easy to get big logs in that country. So she had begun, the day before, to pull the lodge to pieces. She had scraped all the dirt off the

outside of the lodge, and she had thrown down some of the logs that made the roof. She could do that all by herself. She pushed, very hard, on the end of a log, and, at last, it came down. Sometimes the log came down inside the lodge, with a great thump, and sometimes the log went rolling off over the roof and came down outside the lodge.

But there were some of the roof-logs which Sha-ko-ka could n't budge, no matter how hard she pushed. So she got two other women to help her. And those other women were willing to help her, and they came while the boys were getting the horses. And all three of the women took hold of one of the logs that had come down, and they lifted it up and held it, and they aimed it right and swung it. And it hit the

roof-log that would n't come down right on the end and the roof-log did n't come down, but it moved a little.

Then they thought they would hit a little harder. So Sha-ko-ka and the other women got off a little way, and they aimed the log right, and they began to run, and they swung their log at the same time that they were running. And it hit harder than before, so that the roof-log jumped, and then came clattering down inside the walls of the lodge.

The women thought that way of doing was rather good fun. So they ran again, and they aimed their log against the end of another of the roof-logs. But they got to laughing so that they could hardly run, and their log hit the roof-log a very light blow, but the roof-log came down. It

would have come down with only Sha-ko-ka pushing on the end of it. And that made the women laugh more than ever. So they did that way to all the roof-logs, and they had fun, and the roof-logs were lying in a messed-up heap on the ground.

Then there were all the logs that made the walls of the lodge, and they stood up straight on their ends close together, and they made a circle with what had been the floor of the lodge inside it. Dirt had been banked up around the outside of the wall-logs, but Sha-ko-ka had scraped it away. And the women ran at these wall-logs with their log held in their hands, and they butted the wall-logs right over. Sometimes two of them went over at once. When they were all down, the women stopped and dropped their log and wiped the perspiration from

their foreheads with their hands, and they looked up, and there were San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah.

San-ja-ka-ko-ka was sitting on a horse, and the horse had n't any saddle nor any stirrups, so that San-ja-ka-ko-ka just curled up his legs against the horse's body, with his feet against the soft part of the horse's sides. Riding in that way, he could hold on with his knees and he could punch the horse with his feet in the soft part of his body to make him go faster. But he had a rope, made of twisted pieces of raw-hide, fastened to the under jaw of the horse, and there was another rope of raw-hide fastened to four other horses, and the end of that rope San-ja-ka-ko-ka held in his hand. O-me-pah was on a horse and leading four others, in the same way.

When Sha-ko-ka saw the boys sitting there, on their horses, she began to jabber at them in the Mandan language. You could n't have understood what she said, nor I could n't, but the boys understood. And they got off their horses, and each of them left the four led horses where they would n't get away, and they led up the horses that they had been riding, so that Sha-ko-ka and the other women could load them easily.

Then Sha-ko-ka and the other women took up one of the roof-logs and put it beside a horse with its little end towards the horse's head. And they took another log and put it on the other side of the horse, and the little end of that log was towards his head. Then one of the other women took hold of the end of each log and lifted

hard, and lifted the end until it was nearly as high as the horse's shoulders, and they held the little ends of the logs just as high as that while Sha-ko-ka tied them to the horse with ropes made of raw-hide. They were just like shafts with no wheels to them, and the big ends of the logs would drag on the ground.

When the logs had been tied on the horse, Sha-ko-ka got three little short poles and tied them on across the logs with ropes of bark, and the short poles were tied just far enough behind the horse so that he would n't hit them with his legs as he walked. Sha-ko-ka had already done up her kitchen things and the beds and everything else that was small and that might get lost, and she had made them into bundles with a buffalo skin on the outside, like wrapping-paper,

and she had tied them up. Some of them she had tied with raw-hide ropes, and some she had tied with ropes made of bark. One of the biggest of these bundles she put on the little short cross-poles and tied it so that it would n't fall off. And that horse was loaded except for the person who should ride him and the things that one might carry.

Then they loaded the other horses in the same way. It did n't take so very long. And the horses were standing in a line, waiting. They could n't run away because they had such heavy loads. San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah had been calling the dogs while the women were loading the horses. Mah-ha's family had a great many dogs; they did n't know exactly how many. The dogs were savage dogs, and they looked

like wolves. And when the boys called them, they kept coming until there were fifteen dogs around them.

Some were old dogs and some were middle-aged and some were half grown, the way all dogs are when they are half grown up, with long legs and great clumsy feet. These half grown up dogs kept getting in everybody's way and getting stepped on and yelling. And, last of all, there came a mother dog, and six little toddling puppies. And when Sha-ko-ka saw them, she cried out, and she took the puppies and wrapped them in an old buffalo skin so that they should n't get away. For she meant to take the puppies and carry them in her arms while she rode on a horse.

And Sha-ko-ka took the poles of a bed, that were light and rather small, and she

fastened them on a dog in the same way that she had fastened the big poles on the horses. And she tied them, and she tied a little bundle on the poles behind the dog. So she did until she had all the dogs loaded except the mother dog. And when that was all done Sha-ko-ka found that she had packed and loaded all of her things except the logs. She could n't take all of the logs at once, but she would have to drive the horses back and get more.

And Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah were all ready to start.

II

THE MOVING STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there were some villages where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The houses or lodges were round and were covered with dirt, so that they looked like a lot of earthenware pots turned upside down. And the paths between the lodges were narrow, so that it was as much as three people could do to get between the lodges when they were walking abreast.

But the Mandans had made up their minds to leave their old villages and build a new one. And they had set the time

when they should start, and they had got all their things packed up, and they had tied them on the horses and the dogs, and they were all ready. And the time had come and the signal was given, and Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah saw the signal. Then Mah-ha came riding up, with his shield and his lance and his bow and his quiver full of arrows, and Sha-ko-ka knew that she would have to hurry.

So she did; and she took in her hand the rope of raw-hide that was fastened to the jaw of the leading horse, and in her other arm she carried the six puppies tied up in a buffalo skin. And she led that horse out to join the procession of other horses that were just starting, and the logs the horse was loaded with dragged on the ground. And behind her came all the other

horses of Mah-ha dragging their loads and the dogs of Mah-ha dragging their loads. But the mother dog walked along close beside Sha-ko-ka, and she kept looking up at the puppies in Sha-ko-ka's arm. And the procession of women and children and horses and dogs, all loaded down with things, went slowly over the prairie, with the great river rolling beside them.

At the head of the procession came the chief medicine-man, carrying a great medicine-pipe. Medicine-men were sort of magicians. They did n't really know any magic, but the people thought that they did. After the chief medicine-man came the other medicine-men, and in their midst was carried something that looked like a great big hogshead. Then came some of the older chiefs, on their horses. Then came

the women and the children and the horses and the dogs, all loaded down with things. But some of the dogs had not come when they were called to be loaded, so that they didn't have any loads. The procession looked like a great enormous snake winding along the bank of the river.

The men of the tribe didn't carry anything but their shields and their lances and their bows and arrows and they didn't walk, but they rode all about wherever they liked, as Mah-ha did. Mah-ha didn't go very far from that part of the procession where Sha-ko-ka was, for he was fond of Sha-ko-ka, in spite of the fact that he made her do all the hard work. All Indians did that way. And he wanted to see that nothing happened to her and to his sons.

Mah-ha had straight black hair, and it



INDIANS. THEIR PLAITS OF HAIR FILLED WITH CLAY

was brushed back from his face, except one little lock that came down to the middle of his forehead, where it was cut off straight across. All the rest of his hair was kept as long as it would grow, and it fell down at the back, in long flat plaits, to his knees, and the plaits were filled with a kind of reddish clay that had got almost as hard as brick. And he had the partings in his hair painted with red clay. When Mah-ha made his horse run, his hair streamed out behind.

Sha-ko-ka did n't have black hair. Her hair was gray, and it had been gray ever since she could remember. A great many people in the Mandan tribe had gray hair, like the hair of Sha-ko-ka, and some of them had hair of other colors, too. Indians of other tribes had black hair that was straight and coarse, like the hair of Mah-ha.

Sha-ko-ka plodded along for some time, leading the horse and carrying the bundle of puppies, and the mother dog walked beside her. But the bundle of puppies kept getting heavier and heavier and, after a while, she could n't walk any farther if she carried that bundle. She did n't want to leave it, so she got on the horse she had been leading. And that horse had to carry the heavy logs and the bundles that were tied on them and Sha-ko-ka and six puppies and the buffalo skin that the puppies were tied up in. But horses that belonged to Indians were used to carrying heavy loads, and to being made to run very fast, and to being whipped; and they were n't large horses, but they were little, like poloponies.

Sha-ko-ka had n't been riding very long

when there came running by two dogs that had n't come when they were called to be loaded. So these dogs had n't any sticks or any bundles tied on them. And these dogs saw the dogs of Mah-ha with the long sticks tied across their shoulders and dragging upon the ground, and they thought it was a good chance to pitch into Mah-ha's dogs and fight them, because Mah-ha's dogs could n't fight back very well. So they did.

But Mah-ha's dogs forgot their loads and fought back as well as they could, and all the other dogs heard the snarling and barking and came running; and some of these other dogs were loaded and some were not. And before Sha-ko-ka had time to get off her horse, there was a great fighting noise, and the dogs that had been loaded

had spilled their loads and had lost some of the poles and got the others all snarled up. And San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah ran to the dogs, and Sha-ko-ka got off her horse and put the bundle of puppies down on the ground, and other women came running.

Sha-ko-ka had her whip in one hand. The whip was made of braided raw-hide, and it was bigger than her thumb where she held it in her hand, and it tapered down until it was littler than her little finger, and it had two knots in the end of it. That whip would hurt like anything. The horses were afraid of it and the dogs were afraid of it, too, when they were n't fighting so hard that they did n't see it. Some of the other women had whips like Sha-ko-ka's and the boys had sticks. And they all ran to the pile of dogs, and the women hit as hard as

they could with their whips and the boys knocked with their sticks, and they all yelled as loud as they could, and at last they made all the dogs stop fighting except four or five, and they drove the others away. To stop those four or five dogs, they had to pull them apart. And Sha-ko-ka took hold of the hind leg of one dog and another woman took hold of the hind leg of another and they pulled. Then they gave the dogs each a cut with the whip, as hard as they could hit, and the dogs yelped and ran off. They did the same way to two of the others, and O-me-pah hit the last dog with his stick. So the fight was over.

Mah-ha had been watching the fight, and he had been laughing about it with another Indian. When it was all over he rode off with that other Indian. But Sha-ko-ka

could n't ride off, even on her loaded horse. For there were all the loads of the dogs which had been in the fight, and the loads were scattered over the ground, and the poles were off their shoulders and some of them were broken.

So Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah and the women who had helped them stop the fight packed up the loads which had been broken open. And they tied the poles over the shoulders of the dogs again, and they tied the bundles on the poles behind the dogs. Then those other women went off to their parts of the procession, and their dogs went sneaking after. And Sha-ko-ka took up the bundle of puppies and climbed up on her horse again. The mother dog had looked after the puppies. And the horse started.

Pretty soon, about noon, the medicine-men and the chiefs that went first came to the place where they would build the new village. It was a place where the river turned a corner, almost like the corner of a street, and the bank of the river at that place was very high and rocky, and it went almost straight up and down, so that nobody could land there.

And the medicine-men and the chiefs stopped and waited until the people had all come, and the people made a camp. For it would take a long time to build all the lodges which would be in that village. But they could stay in that camp while they built the lodges.

When Sha-ko-ka got to that camp she was very glad, for she was very tired. And she took the loads off the horses and off the

dogs, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah tied the feet of the horses so that they could n't take long steps, as they do in running, but they could take little short steps. And they turned the horses loose upon the prairie.

III

THE LODGE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, at a place where the river made a sharp bend, there was a camp. It wasn't a regular camp, with tents and things that they generally have in a camp. The Mandan tribe of Indians had made that camp, and they were staying in it. But because they would build their houses or lodges as fast as they could, they made the camp only well enough to live in for a little while, until they could get their lodges done. And each family had put up such small poles as they had ready, and they had put skins

over those poles as well as they could. The skins were buffalo skins and elk skins and deer skins and skins of any other animal, such as they happened to have. And some families did n't have skins enough to cover the poles.

But Mah-ha had skins enough, and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, had made him a nice tent. It was rather a small tent, and was just big enough for Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah to crowd into it to go to sleep. And Sha-ko-ka knew that Mah-ha would n't be satisfied with that tent very long, and that she would have to hurry and get the lodge built.

So Mah-ha looked about and decided where he would have his lodge built. When he had decided, he walked fifteen long steps from north to south; and then fifteen long

steps from east to west across the middle of his other track. And he said to Sha-ko-ka, "Let it be there." And Sha-ko-ka did n't say anything, but she went to work.

First, she marked out, with a stick, a circle large enough to take in all of Mah-ha's fifteen steps each way. Then she went to the place where the bundles of her things were and she found the bundle that she wanted, and she untied the ropes of bark. And she looked among the things that were in that bundle and she took out two bones. One of them was a broad flat bone, which had come from a buffalo, and the bone was sharpened to a sort of an edge on one side. This bone she would use for a shovel, and it was sharpened so that it would dig more easily. And she took another bone which had been a buffalo's rib, and it was sharp-

ened to a point. This bone she would use instead of a pick-axe, to loosen the dirt. And she took these two bones in her hands and went back to the circle that she had marked in the ground.

When she got there, she put down the bone shovel and she took the bone pick-axe in both hands, and she struck it into the ground, and she gave it a sort of a twist, and it loosened a lot of dirt. And she raised it and struck it down into the ground again, and she gave it another twist, and it loosened a lot more dirt. So she did until she had loosened dirt enough to shovel.

Then she put down her bone pick-axe and took up the bone shovel, and she looked around. Then she remembered that she needed a basket. She might have brought it when she brought the shovel and the

pick-axe, but she had forgotten it. And Sha-ko-ka was angry with herself for forgetting the basket, but there was n't anything to do but to go back and get it. So she went back and got the basket. It was nearly round and squeezy, and it would hold about as much as a round peach basket. And she put the basket down near the dirt that she had loosened, and she took up her bone shovel again, and she shoveled dirt into the basket until it was filled up to the top.

Then Sha-ko-ka put down the shovel and took hold of one edge of the basket, and she swung it around on to her back, just as you have seen coal-men take the bags of coal from the wagon. And she walked to a place outside the circle that she had drawn to show where the lodge was

going to be, and she emptied the dirt out of the basket upon the ground. Then she went back again.

So she did with her bone pick-axe and her bone shovel and her basket, until she had dug the dirt out from the inside of the circle and had made a kind of a pit about two feet deep. And she carried all the dirt in her basket and emptied it on the pile that she had begun outside the circle. The bottom of the pit would be the floor of the lodge.

When she had the pit all done, she marked a littler circle in the middle of the lodge floor, and she dug the dirt out. And when she had dug the dirt out and carried it in her basket and emptied it on the pile, there was a little pit in the middle of the big pit, and the little pit was to make the wigwam fire in, and so that the burning



INDIAN VILLAGE AND FUR TRADERS' FORT ON THE UPPER MISSOURI

sticks and the ashes wouldn't get scattered about. But it had to be lined all around the edge with stones.

So Sha-ko-ka took her basket and went to the river bank. She couldn't go down right where the stones were, because the bank was too steep. But she found another place, a little way down the river, where she could go down and come up again, and some other women were already going and coming. Most of these women had their baskets, and the baskets of the women going down were empty and the baskets of the women coming up were full. And some of them were filled with stones, and some were filled with clay, and some were filled with other things. But Sha-ko-ka was after stones.

Where Sha-ko-ka went down to the

river, there was a nice beach of smooth sand, and she would have liked to go in swimming. But she didn't. She went up the river until she got to the place where the bank was very steep and was of rock. And there, on the shore below that high bank, were a great many pieces of rock that had broken off and fallen down. And Sha-ko-ka picked up some of these pieces and put them in her basket. And when the basket was full she walked slowly along and climbed up the bank above the beach, and she walked back over the prairie until she came to her place where she had been digging. Then she dropped her basket from her back and sat down to rest herself.

When she had been resting a little while, she emptied the stones out of her basket and she fitted them around in the fire-pit,

and she put some loose dirt in the cracks that were left between the stones that she could n't help leaving. And when she had used all the stones that she had brought, she saw that she would have to get some more. So she did, and she fitted them in, and she filled the cracks with dirt, and the fire-pit was all done.

Then Sha-ko-ka had to set up the wall-logs. These were great heavy logs, a little taller than a man, and they would be set up on their ends, close together, all around the edge of the great pit, with the fire-pit in the middle. Sha-ko-ka had n't brought all the wall-logs or all the roof-logs, because there were so many and the horses could n't carry them all at once. But she had sent San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, with all their ten horses, to get some more, and some other

boys of about the same age went with them. When Mah-ha found that she had sent the boys all that long way back he was angry, and he got the father of three of the other boys who had gone with his boys, and that Indian and Mah-ha rode away fast on their horses. For they were afraid that something might happen to the boys. And Mah-ha and that other father rode fast until they saw the boys, and then they rode more slowly and didn't come near them, but they kept the boys in sight all the way to the old village and back again.

While San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah were away, Sha-ko-ka got two other women to help her, and she began to set the wall-logs where they belonged. First she took her bone pick-axe and loosened the dirt, and then, with her bone shovel, she dug a shal-

low trench all around the very edge of the big pit, and she dumped the dirt on top of the pile of other dirt. Then she and the two other women took hold of one of the great wall-logs, and they lifted it and carried it to the edge of the pit, and they let the big end of the log down gently until the log was standing up straight with its end in the bottom of the trench. And the first log was in its place, and it stood up all alone.

Then Sha-ko-ka and the other women went to another log, and they took hold of it, and they lifted it and carried it to the edge of the pit. And they let that log down gently until its end was resting on the bottom of the trench, and they put it tight up against the first log. And the second log was in its place.

So they did until they had made into a

wall all the logs that they had. By the time that was done, San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah and the other boys had got back with other logs. And Sha-ko-ka and the other women put those other logs in their places. But there weren't enough logs yet. Sha-ko-ka had to get the rest of the logs herself.

There were a lot of women who had to get logs from their old village. So they all went together, and some of the Indian men rode along to see that nothing happened to them. And the women went, with their horses, and they came safely back again, and they brought logs; and so they did until they had all the logs they wanted. Then Sha-ko-ka finished the wall.

When the great logs had been set up on end all around the pit, they made a solid wall about as high as a man. But Sha-ko-ka

had left a few of the logs out, at one place, for a doorway to go in and out at. If she had n't, Mah-ha could n't have got into his lodge. Then Sha-ko-ka set six great big posts in the ground, and the posts stood up straight, and these six posts made another circle about halfway from the outside wall to the fire-pit in the middle of the lodge. And from the top of each post to the top of the next post she put a great beam, and she tied these beams to the posts with ropes made of raw-hide, so that the beams could n't come off.

Next, Sha-ko-ka had to make the roof. There were the roof-logs that had been in their lodge in the old village, and the roof-logs were all in a higgledy-piggledy pile. These logs were long. One end of each log was about the size of the wall-logs, but the

logs got smaller towards the other end, the way trees grow.

And Sha-ko-ka got the two women who had helped her before, and they all took hold of a roof-log and they lifted it and got it leaning against the wall-logs with its small end up in the air. Then they all took hold of the big end, and they lifted until the small end was resting on the beam that the posts held up. And they all lifted and grunted and pushed until the big end was resting on the top of a wall-log and the little end was up in the air and the middle part was held up by the beam and the beam was held up by the posts and the posts had their ends in the ground. And that log was in its place.

Then they put another roof-log tight up against the first one, and so they did until

they had a great many of these logs tight together and all around, so that they made the roof. But the logs were n't quite long enough to go over the middle of the lodge. So there was a hole left in the middle, just over the fire-pit, for the smoke of the fire to go out and for the light to come in. The rain and the snow would come in, too, but they could n't help that.

And Sha-ko-ka took her basket and her bone shovel, and she went to the place where she had put all the dirt that she had dug out of the pit. It was all in a nice pile. And she filled her basket at the pile, and she swung her basket of dirt around on her back, and she walked to the lodge, and she emptied the basket so that the dirt was piled against the walls of the lodge. So she did, filling the basket at the pile of dirt and emptying it

against the wall of the lodge, until she had dirt piled up to the top of the walls, all around, and it made a bank that she could climb up on, and it helped to hold up the wall-logs.

Then she took her knife in her hand and she walked along to the place where she could go down to the shore of the river, at the little beach. And she went along the shore until she came to a clump of willows that grew there. And she cut off twigs and branches from those willow trees, and she laid them in a nice pile; and when she had so many that you would n't think she could possibly carry them, she bound them all tightly together with a long, slim willow branch. And she lifted this load upon her shoulder and walked along until she came to the beach and up the path and over the

prairie to the lodge of Mah-ha. She did n't stop, but she climbed up on the bank of dirt and got upon the roof of the lodge. And she threw her bundle of willow twigs and branches down upon the roof-logs.

Then she untied the long, slim willow branch that was around the bundle, and she spread the twigs and branches about over the roof-logs until they made a layer that reached above her ankles as she stood. And that part of the roof was covered. But Sha-ko-ka saw that she would have to get a lot more willow twigs and branches. So she got another load and brought it, as she had got the first load. And she spread those branches over the next part of the roof. And so she did until she had the roof all covered pretty deep with branches.

When Sha-ko-ka had the roof covered

with willow branches and the branches covered with twigs, she stopped a little while and looked at the pile of dirt, for she was tired of building lodges. But it did n't make any difference whether she was tired or not. It was n't done yet. So she took up her bone shovel and her basket, for there was n't much more to do.

She shoveled the basket full of dirt, and she swung the basket around on to her back, and she climbed up the bank of dirt again on to the roof, and she emptied the dirt out of the basket upon the top of the twigs. Then she went down and filled the basket again. And so she did until she had all the dirt that had been in the pile spread out over the twigs that covered the branches that were on the roof-logs that rested on the beams that the posts held up. And she

took her shovel and smoothed the dirt all nice and even and patted it down.

Mah-ha's lodge was n't quite done, but it was done enough for him and Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah to begin to live in. So Sha-ko-ka moved all their things and took down their tent. And she built a fire in the fire-pit, and the smoke of the fire began to come out at the hole in the roof. And she cooked some buffalo-meat. And Mah-ha saw the smoke coming out of the hole in the roof of his lodge, and he went there and ate some of the buffalo-meat.

It was beginning to get dark; and when Sha-ko-ka had done what she had to do, she lay down on a buffalo skin and pulled another buffalo skin over her and went to sleep.

IV

THE PRAIRIE-DOG STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a camp; and all mixed in with the camp was a partly built village. The Mandan tribe of Indians lived in that camp, and they were building that village. Some of the lodges looked as if they were all done, and some were only partly done, and some had n't any roof, and some did n't have their walls done yet. But the Indian families were living in the lodges that looked as if they were all done, and the smoke of the fire came out at the hole in the roof of each of those lodges.

In one of those lodges lived Mah-ha and

Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons. O-me-pah was a little boy, and he got tired of hanging around and doing errands while Sha-ko-ka, his mother, was building the lodge, and he thought that he would have some fun on his own hook. So he thought and thought of all the things that he could do, and he made up his mind that he would try to catch a prairie-dog.

Prairie-dogs are little animals that look more like squirrels than they do like dogs, but they have a queer little bark, and that is why people call them dogs. What the Mandans called them I don't know, so I can't call them what O-me-pah called them. They lived in holes which they dug in the ground, and the holes were rather close together, and there were a great many of the

holes, and there was a pile of dirt above each hole. The dirt in this pile was a part of the dirt that the prairie-dog had dug out of the hole. He dug with his front feet and he kicked out the dirt with his hind feet. There was a prairie-dog town out on the prairie not so very far from the village that O-me-pah lived in.

So O-me-pah went to another boy that he used to play with, and he told him about what he wanted to do. That other boy's name was, afterward, War-rah-pah, which meant the beaver. Neither O-me-pah nor War-rah-pah were old enough to have names yet. Probably their mothers had some sort of names for them, but I don't know what those names were; and I have to call them something, so I call them by the names that they had afterwards.

When O-me-pah had told War-rah-pah about what he wanted to do, he asked War-rah-pah if he did n't want to go with him and catch a prairie-dog. And War-rah-pah grinned and said that of course he wanted to. So O-me-pah said that if neither of them said anything about what they wanted to do, they would do it that evening, just when it was getting dark.

Then O-me-pah went back to his lodge and he asked his mother if there was n't some rope that she could spare. And Sha-ko-ka said that she supposed there was, but to please not to bother her, for she was very busy; and if he could find any rope made of bark, he could have it. And O-me-pah was so glad that he jumped up and down, and then he went to look for some bark rope.

He found some pieces of bark rope that had been tied around the bundles of things. And he tied the ends of the different pieces together until his rope was long enough. Then he made a slip-noose in one end, but it would n't slip easily because the rope was rough. So O-me-pah got some bear's grease that Mah-ha used to rub his body with, and he greased the rope until it was all slippery and the noose would slip. The rope was rather small, not much bigger round than twine which comes around bundles. It was about the size of lobster-line, if you know what that is. And O-me-pah was all ready.

That evening, about sunset, O-me-pah took his rope and went out, and he went around by Wah-rah-pah's lodge, and he met Wah-rah-pah just coming out. Wah-rah-pah did n't have a rope, but he had a



A PRAIRIE-DOG TOWN

short club that was heavy at the end. And the two boys began to run across the prairie to the prairie-dogs' town.

They got to the prairie-dogs' town before it had more than just begun to grow dark. And the two boys crept up very slowly and without making the very least sound, and they crept with the light breeze blowing in their faces. That was so that the prairie-dogs should n't smell them and be scared.

And O-me-pah found a stick that was near a prairie-dog's hole, and he took it in his hand by one end, but he was careful not to touch the other end. And he crept near the hole, and he fixed his rope with the noose spread out on the top of the mound of dirt. He fixed it with the stick, and he was careful not to touch the dirt with his hands anywhere. It was n't so that he would n't get

his hands dirty, but so that he should n't leave any smell of himself in the dirt. He thought that, perhaps, the prairie-dogs would n't notice the smell of boy on the rope because the smell of bear's grease was so strong.

When O-me-pah had his rope all placed to suit him, he kept hold of the other end of it, and he got behind another mound and he made himself as flat as he could. That was pretty flat. War-rah-pah had got behind another mound, not far away. And in doing these things, the two boys had made not the least bit of a noise, but they had been as quiet as the shadow of a little cloud that passes over the prairie. And it was getting darker; it was what we call dusk.

Pretty soon the boys heard the sound of faint little barks. But the barks came from far away, from another part of the town,

and the boys didn't look up nor move a single muscle. They just waited and waited, and it got darker and darker. Then O-me-pah saw the head of a prairie-dog on the mound that the rope was on. It was sniffing and sniffing at the rope. Then he got scared and gave a short little bark, and dove into his hole. But O-me-pah didn't move.

So the prairie-dog found that nothing happened, and he was very curious to know why. And he poked his nose out again, and then he came out and began sniffing at the rope once more. And he seemed to have made up his mind that the rope was a bad thing, and he began to gnaw at it with his sharp teeth.

Now, the rope was made of bark, and it tasted good to the prairie-dog. So he was eating it before O-me-pah realized what he

was about; but the prairie-dog was outside the noose, so that it would n't have done any good to pull the rope.

So O-me-pah waited, but he was almost ready to cry with disappointment. For it seemed likely that he would n't get any prairie-dog and he would lose a part of his rope, besides. But just then, the prairie-dog wanted to get into a better place to gnaw the rope, and he stepped on another part of the noose. And O-me-pah was all ready to pull the rope when he heard a sort of a grunt from War-rah-pah and a sort of a bark and a yelp mixed up together, and the prairie-dog that was eating the rope jumped up into the air. But O-me-pah had already pulled the noose, and it caught that prairie-dog right around the stomach, so that he could n't get away.

War-rah-pah had seen another prairie-dog coming on to the top of the mound that he was hiding behind. And the grunt that O-me-pah heard was the sound that War-rah-pah made when he threw his club with all his strength, and the mixed-up bark and yelp was the sound that the prairie-dog made when the club hit him. After that he did n't make any sound, but he rolled down his mound and lay still.

Then O-me-pah jumped up, and War-rah-pah picked up his prairie-dog by the hind legs, and the prairie-dog hung limp because he was dead. And War-rah-pah picked up his club and went to help O-me-pah. He wanted to knock O-me-pah's prairie-dog with his club, but O-me-pah would n't let him, for he wanted to carry the prairie-dog home alive.

So O-me-pah started running over the prairie, and he held the rope at arm's length, and the prairie-dog was swinging at the end of the rope, and War-rah-pah was running after. War-rah-pah could n't run as fast as O-me-pah. And they came so to O-me-pah's lodge and they met Mah-ha.

When Mah-ha saw what O-me-pah had, he smiled and laid his hand on O-me-pah's head for a moment. And O-me-pah went into the lodge to show it to his mother. And when he had shown it to Sha-ko-ka he went to bed. He had forgotten all about War-rah-pah.

V

THE DINNER STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was an Indian village. The village was n't all built yet, but it was almost done, and the people were all living in the lodges, and the smoke of the fire came out of the hole in the roof of each of those lodges.

In one of those lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons. And the two women who had helped Sha-ko-ka build the lodge lived in Mah-ha's lodge, too. They were cousins of Sha-ko-ka.

Now there was an Indian of another tribe who had come to that village on a visit. And he had put down his bow and his arrows, and his lance and his shield, so that the Mandans should know that he came on a friendly visit. The Mandans did n't ask him what he had come for, nor how long he meant to stay, nor anything. They let him go wherever he wanted to; and when he was hungry, he could go into any lodge and eat as much as he wanted and they asked no questions.

But Mah-ha thought he would do more than that. He would ask that Indian to dinner. So he told Sha-ko-ka to get ready some tender roast buffalo-meat, and some pemmican, and some marrow-fat, and to make a pudding. This pudding was something like a hasty-pudding, and it was made

of the flour of the prairie-turnip, and it had a lot of buffalo berries in it like dried currants. The pemmican was made of dried buffalo-meat pounded fine, and the marrow-fat came from the large bones of the buffalo. Pemmican and marrow-fat will be told about in another story.

Sha-ko-ka just bowed her head and went to work. And when it was time, Mah-ha dressed himself all up in his best robe, and put on his headdress that was made of fur and feathers with a long row of eagle's feathers hanging down his back and with a part of the horns of a buffalo, all scraped and shiny, where horns ought to be, if horns had grown on his head. And when he was all dressed up that way, he went out to look for the other Indian.

He found that Indian just going into an-

other lodge. And he went up to him and took him by the arm, very politely, and he asked him if he would n't please to give Mah-ha the pleasure of his company at dinner. And that Indian smiled because he was surprised and pleased to be asked, and he said he would, with pleasure. So they turned about and went, arm in arm, to Mah-ha's lodge. And they went in and up to the fire-pit.

Then Mah-ha motioned to the other Indian to sit down on a beautiful painted robe, and he did, and Mah-ha sat down on another painted robe. They sat cross-legged, with their feet doubled under them as far as they could get them, and Mah-ha got out his pipe and his tobacco pouch and he began to get the pipe ready to smoke.

Sha-ko-ka and the other two women



A GUEST AT DINNER

were in the lodge, but they did n't sit with Mah-ha and the company, because that would n't have been polite. They sat at one side of the lodge, and they did n't sit cross-legged, as the men did, but they sat with their legs sort of doubled up at one side, as you do when you coast down hill "side-saddle" or "side-slaps," and most of the time that they were sitting that way they leaned upon one hand on the ground, because that was easier. For Sha-ko-ka and the other women had got the dinner ready and had put the roast buffalo-meat in a wooden dish and the pudding in another, smaller, wooden dish, and the pemmican and marrow-fat they had put in an earthen-ware dish that Sha-ko-ka had made. Then they had left the water boiling over the fire in a pot which hung from the three

sticks that were fastened together at the top, and they had gone and sat down.

Then the Indian who was company took his knife from his belt and sliced off some meat from the ribs and held it in his fingers while he ate it. And there was a great spoon in the dish of pemmican and marrow-fat, and this spoon was made of the horn of the buffalo, and it was jet black; and he took up some of the pemmican and marrow-fat in this spoon and ate it. The Indians ate pemmican and marrow-fat where we would eat bread and butter. Then he ate some more meat and some more pemmican and marrow-fat, and then some pudding. But Mah-ha didn't eat anything. It was n't considered polite for a chief to eat with the guest that he had asked to a feast, but he was ready to get his guest anything that he wanted. And the

women did n't even speak; but when Mah-ha wanted anything, he made signs to them, and Sha-ko-ka or one of the others jumped up quietly and got it.

When that strange Indian had eaten all he wanted, he sat up straight again. Mah-ha had his pipe all filled with Indian tobacco, which was the bark of the red willow, and he had mixed some other stuff with it, to give it more flavor. And Mah-ha took a flint and steel from his pouch and struck a spark from which he kindled the pipe. He drew a few whiffs of smoke through it, and then he held the stem of it to that other Indian's mouth, and that Indian drew a few whiffs while Mah-ha talked. And so they did for about half an hour, one of them talking while the other smoked, and the smoke and the talk rolled out in great clouds

while the women listened. And the pipe was smoked out.

Then that company Indian got up to go. And Mah-ha made him a present of the pipe that they had been smoking, and probably the company Indian said how glad he was to have it, and he should always cherish it, and he had had a very good time at Mah-ha's. But I don't know what he said, for I was n't there; and I could n't have understood a word of what they said if I had been there.

That was the end of Mah-ha's feast. He had given away a good pipe, but he had made a friend. And Mah-ha took the arm of that company Indian and they went out together.

VI

THE CLAY STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was an Indian village. The village was just done, and the Mandan tribe lived in it. The lodges were round, and they were covered with dirt; and the paths between the lodges were narrow, and they led to an open place in the middle of the village where there was a sort of a big hogshead set up in the ground. This hogshead was called the big canoe. And all the doors in all the lodges around the open place looked toward it.

In one of the lodges lived Mah-ha and

Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons. Sha-ko-ka had built the lodge, and she had covered the roof with dirt, but she had n't covered the dirt with clay. She had meant to do it, but she had been so tired when she had got the dirt on, and she had so many other things to do, that she thought she would put the clay on by and by. And by and by had come and gone and the clay was n't on the roof yet.

Now, Mah-ha liked to go on the roof of his lodge sometimes, when it was n't too hot, and look off over the prairie, or lie down in the sunshine and rest himself, or squat with his knees doubled up to his chin. All the Mandans liked to go upon the roofs of their lodges; and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah and their dogs did it,

clay or no clay; and Mah-ha did it, although the roof was n't as hard as he liked to have it; and Sha-ko-ka did it when she had half an hour to spare, which was n't often.

But one day, it rained. And when the rain had stopped, Mah-ha wanted to go up on the roof, but he could n't because it was all mud. And the dogs wanted to go up, and so they did, and they scratched the soft mud all around, until Mah-ha thought it would drop through the roof on to the floor of the lodge. He called the dogs down and beat them, and then he told Sha-ko-ka that she had better see about getting that clay right away.

So Sha-ko-ka got out her bone shovel and her bone pick-axe from the corner where they were, and she got her basket.

And she put the tools in the basket, and she swung the basket around upon her back. Then she went out of the lodge and along the path by the bank of the river, until she came to the place where she could go down to the nice sandy beach. When she had got down, she turned and went back along the shore until she came to the clay place.

The clay was dark blue, and it was in a flat layer about five or six feet thick, and the river had worn down through the gravel that covered it and through the clay itself, and through the dirt and rock that was underneath, so that Sha-ko-ka had to climb up the bank a little way to get at it. And she put the basket down on the ground and took the bone pick-axe and loosened some of the clay. It was very hard, and it was

not easy to loosen it, but Sha-ko-ka did it. When she had loosened enough to fill her basket, she put down the pick-axe and took the bone shovel and shoveled it into her basket until the basket was full. Then she put the tools on top of the clay, and she took hold of the edge of the basket, and she swung it around upon her back. And she walked, carrying the basket of clay, along the shore to the little beach and up the path to the prairie above. And she walked along the path that led along the bank of the river to the village, and in at the gate of the village, and between the lodges to the lodge of Mah-ha. There she swung the basket around and set it upon the ground; and she was glad that she could put it down because the clay was heavy.

The sun had partly dried the mud upon

the roof of the lodge by that time, and Sha-ko-ka climbed up and patted the dirt all smooth again with her shovel. Then she came down, and she got some water in an earthenware dish, and she mixed the water with the clay and stirred it around until all the lumps were stirred out of it and it made lovely mud. Stirring the clay was hard work, too.

When Sha-ko-ka had made the clay into mud, she climbed upon the roof again, taking her basket full of mud, and she emptied the basket of mud on the roof of the lodge near the smoke-hole. And she smeared it all around with her shovel and made it all smooth on top of the dirt, in a layer, as far as it would go. Then she climbed down again and went to get some more clay. And so she did, mixing the clay with water



THE MANDAN VILLAGE

each time, until she had covered the whole roof with a smooth coating of clay-mud.

Then Sha-ko-ka took her basket and her shovel and her pick-axe down to the river again, and she soused them well and washed the clay all off. And she walked slowly back to the lodge and went in and sat down to rest.

And the sun shone hot and it dried the clay, and, in time, it baked it almost as hard as brick. And when the rain fell, it could n't get through the clay, but it ran off around the edge of the roof.

Mah-ha's lodge was done; and Mah-ha could go upon his roof whenever he wanted to. And so could San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah and their dogs. And so could Sha-ko-ka, whenever she had time.

VII

THE BED STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round and they were covered with dirt, so that they looked like so many enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. And the paths between the lodges were narrow, and they led to an open place in the middle of the village where there was a sort of a big hogshead set up in the ground. This hogshead was called the big canoe. And all the doors in all the lodges around the open place looked toward it.

In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha. And Sha-ko-ka, his wife, had got Mah-ha's lodge all done and everything in its place inside the lodge, but there were n't beds enough. So Sha-ko-ka began to make Mah-ha a new bed.

She took a little hatchet in her hand and a knife, and she walked out of the lodge and along the path between the lodges to the gate of the village; and out of the gate and along the path by the edge of the high bank of the river to the place where the path went down to the nice sandy beach. When she got to the beach, she looked about to see where she had better go. And she saw several clumps of trees, and she made up her mind which trees would be the best to make her bedstead of, and she went where those trees were growing.

Some of them were little and some were big.

Sha-ko-ka did n't want big trees. The trees she wanted were a little bigger than her wrist. And she found some trees the right size that were very straight and even, and she began to whack at one of them with her hatchet. At last it was cut through and it fell over. And Sha-ko-ka cut all the branches off. The branches were very small and it was easy to cut them off. Then she cut off the top. And she had a pole that was a little bigger than her wrist at the big end and was about nine or ten feet long.

Then she cut seven other poles in the same way, and she cut four shorter poles, and she put all the poles together in a bundle, and she took up the bundle of poles and started walking along the shore to the



INTERIOR OF A MANDAN LODGE

beach. And she climbed the path to the prairie above, and she walked back along the path by the edge of the high bank of the river until she came to the gate of the village. And she walked in at the gate and along the narrow path between the lodges until she had come to Mah-ha's lodge. When she had got to Mah-ha's lodge she dropped the poles and they fell upon the ground with a big clattering noise.

Then Sha-ko-ka sat down and she began to scrape the bark off the poles with the knife. And she got the bark all peeled and scraped off and the little stubs of the branches cut off evenly and the bare pole as smooth as though it had been polished. When the poles were all smooth and nice, Sha-ko-ka took them into the lodge to measure them, so as to get them exactly the

right length. And when she had measured them against one of the beds that was there and found exactly how long each pole ought to be, she cut it off at that place nicely.

Now, Sha-ko-ka had some little narrow strips of raw-hide, not braided into rope. She kept them hanging over a beam, where they would be in the smoke of the fire. And she went to them and picked out enough thongs of raw-hide that were about the right length, and she went back to the poles and lashed them together, by winding the thongs of raw-hide around and around them and then back again and around and around. And she put four of the longest poles up straight, and two long ones and two short ones at the very top; and two long ones and two short ones near the bottom, about as far from the ground as the seat of a chair. And

when the poles were all firmly lashed together, they made a frame, a good deal like an old-fashioned high-post bedstead.

Then Sha-ko-ka went outside the lodge to a place where a fresh buffalo skin was stretched out upon the ground. And she took out the pegs that held it to the ground, and she took it into the lodge with her. And she stretched it across the bottom poles as tight as she could, and she fastened it with other thongs of raw-hide. When it dried it would make a tight bottom, much better than our great-grandfathers had to their beds. Their beds used to have a bottom of ropes or of canvas. And this buffalo skin was put on with the fur side up, and the fur was still on it and it was thick and soft. It would make a very comfortable thing for Mah-ha to lie upon.

And Sha-ko-ka took some skins of the elk and hung them on the top poles for curtains. She had these skins all ready, and they were made into a kind of leather, so that they were nearly white; and Mah-ha had painted pictures on them with a kind of colored clay. The way the Indians made the skins of animals into this kind of leather is told about in another story.

Then Sha-ko-ka got one of the other women to help her, and, together, they moved the bed back against the wall, where it belonged.

Mah-ha's bed was all made.

VIII

THE ANTELOPE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round and they were covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day, Mah-ha was on the roof of his lodge, doing nothing in particular but look out over the prairie. And, far off, over the top of one of the gentle little hills,

he thought that he caught a glimpse of the horns of an antelope. And he looked harder and he saw that they were the horns of an antelope, and he saw the backs of two others that were feeding. He felt pretty sure that there were still others that he could n't see. So he hurried and got down from the roof of the lodge, and he met O-me-pah, who was just coming out.

Now, Mah-ha was very fond of both of his sons and proud of them, but was fonder of O-me-pah, because he was the littler, and he liked to have O-me-pah go with him when it was safe for him. That way he would learn what he had to know. Little Indian boys did n't go to school, but they had regular games and sham fights that were the same thing, for them, that lessons are for little white boys. So Mah-ha

asked O-me-pah if he wanted to go out with him after antelope. And O-me-pah was delighted and said that he did want to.

Then Mah-ha went into the lodge and got his gun, which he had bought from a fur trader. The fur traders used to come to the village sometimes, to buy the furs that the Indians had gathered. They did n't give the Indians money, for money would n't have been of any use to them. They gave them guns and steel lance-heads and arrow-heads, but the Indians still used the lance-heads and arrow-heads of bone or of flint, too. They had always used them. And the fur traders gave them knives and rolls of colored cloth and any other things that they wanted, and they took the furs in exchange.

So Mah-ha had a gun, but he did n't use it much, because for many things it was n't

any more convenient than his bow and arrows, and it made a big noise, and he had to buy powder and shot for it. But for hunting antelopes, the way he was going to do, it was more convenient than the bow. And he did n't ride on his horse, but he walked by the narrow path that went between the lodges, and he came to the gate of the village, and O-me-pah trotted along at his side. And they went out at the gate, and they came out upon the wide prairie. Then Mah-ha looked around, and he held up his hand to feel which way the gentle breeze was blowing, because it would never do to have the wind blow from him to the antelopes or they would know that Mah-ha and O-me-pah were coming. And then, when they got there, there would n't be any antelopes.

So he started off over the prairie at a gentle, shuffling trot with the wind blowing in his face, and O-me-pah trotted along beside him. But O-me-pah was only a little boy, so that he had to run harder to keep up with his father. O-me-pah was a pretty good runner and Mah-ha was the best runner in the Mandan tribe.

By and by they came to a low ridge, a sort of swell in the prairie, and Mah-ha stopped running and began to walk. For he expected to see the antelopes as soon as he could see over the top to the next swell. And they came where they could see over the top of that swell, and there were the antelopes just grazing over the top of the next swell. And the leader of the antelopes saw them, and he stamped his foot and gave a sort of a whistling snort, and all

the antelopes looked. But Mah-ha did n't care. He only stopped going ahead.

The antelopes ran off a little way and came back again to look, for they were very curious about the man and the boy, and they wanted to see what they were and what they were doing. And then they ran off again a little way and came back and looked. And they were a little nearer than the last time. Mah-ha was looking and hunting about in the grass.

Mah-ha had forgotten something. He had forgotten to bring a stick, but he thought that he might find a stalk of grass that would do, and he was hunting for one. But he could n't find a stalk of grass that was strong enough or tall enough, and then, suddenly, he thought of the ramrod to his gun. That was tall enough and strong enough, and he



SHOOTING ANTELOPE

saw that his gun was all loaded, and he took out the ramrod from its place and stuck it up straight in the ground.

Then he wanted something to hang on the ramrod. He could n't take his handkerchief, because he did n't have any. And he could n't take his neckerchief, because he did n't have any. His body was naked from his waist up, and O-me-pah's body was all naked except that he had a kind of thing like swimming trunks made of beaver skin, and he had moccasins on his feet. So Mah-ha pulled up some grass until he had enough, and he made it into a bunch with floating ends, and he fastened the bunch of grass on the end of the ramrod. Then he walked away about ten paces, the way the wind was blowing, and he made O-me-pah go still farther away and lie down in the

grass. And Mah-ha lay down in the grass, too, and he lay on his stomach, leaning on his elbows, and he had his gun all ready.

The antelopes had been very much interested in what Mah-ha had been doing, and when Mah-ha and O-me-pah lay down in the tall grass so that it hid them, the antelopes were so curious about that bunch of grass that was waving about in the wind that they just had to see what it was. At first they came running; but when they got nearer, they were walking. And they walked more and more slowly, lifting their feet high and sniffing at the strange thing that waved about in the wind.

At last they were pretty near to the place where Mah-ha lay in the grass, and the antelopes that were the nearest were bunched together because those behind walked faster

than those in front. And Mah-ha thought they were near enough, and he aimed his gun at three of them that were in a row and he fired. And the bullet went into the first one and out at the other side, and into the second one and out at the side; but it did n't go into the third one. And the gun made a big noise, and all the other antelopes beside those two ran away very fast, so that they were out of sight by the time Mah-ha could have loaded his gun again. But those two that were shot did n't run away. Each of them gave a big high jump in the air and fell down. And O-me-pah gave a jump, as high as he could, he was so excited.

Mah-ha did n't try to load his gun again, for he knew that it would n't be of any further use against those antelopes, that day. He only got up slowly and smiled and walked

over to the two antelopes to see if they were dead. And he saw that they were, and he felt of their horns and of their skins, and he thought that Sha-ko-ka could make robes out of them for him or for herself or for O-me-pah. There was plenty of fresh meat, besides.

O-me-pah was dancing around the antelopes. Mah-ha watched him for a few minutes and then he called him, and they walked back over the prairie to the gate of the village; and in at the gate, and along the narrow path between the lodges, until they came to Mah-ha's lodge.

There they found Sha-ko-ka. And Mah-ha told her that he had shot the antelopes and O-me-pah would show her where they were.

O-me-pah had already gone to get two horses. And Sha-ko-ka took a long knife

and a littler knife with a kind of a curved blade. The littler knife was for skinning the antelopes. And O-me-pah came with the horses, and Sha-ko-ka got upon the other horse, and they rode out together to bring in the meat and the skins.

But Mah-ha cleaned his gun and put it away, and then he went on the roof of his lodge again and sat down and looked out over the prairie.

IX

THE WIGWAM-FIRE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round and were covered with dirt, so that they looked like great enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha.

One day, a great deal of smoke was coming out of the smoke-hole in the roof of Mah-ha's lodge. And inside the lodge, there was a brisk fire burning in the fire-pit and many Indians were sitting around the fire. They had had their dinner of buffalo-

meat and pemmican and marrow-fat, and some of the Indians had lighted their pipes. And Sha-ko-ka and the other women had waited upon them and got them things and poured the water for them, and now they were taking away the things that the Indians were through with.

One Indian began to talk while the others listened. He was telling a story. It was n't a new story, but it was one that they all knew by heart; still, they liked to hear it. And this was the story : —

See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee, the people of the pheasants, or the Mandans, were the first people that the Great Spirit ever made, and, at first, they lived inside of the earth. And they raised many vines, and a vine had grown very tall and high and had twisted about itself until it grew up through

a hole, overhead, and came out upon the surface of the earth.

Then one of their young men, who was very brave, saw that the vine had grown out of the hole, and he wondered what was up there, and he thought he would go and find out. So he did. He climbed up the vine and, at last, he came out on top of the ground. And he found himself on the bank of the great river, near the place where the Mandan village used to be, but there was n't any village there, then.

He looked around at the great river and at the prairie, and he saw the long prairie-grass and the gentle little hills, and it seemed very beautiful. And he saw a war-eagle flying over, and he saw great herds of buffalo. And he killed a buffalo with an arrow from his bow; for he had brought his bow



BUFFALO IN THEIR WALLOWS

and his arrows with him. And he found that buffalo-meat was good to eat.

So he went down the vine again. And he told the others about the beautiful country and about the great river and about the buffalo-meat, and he said that the buffalo-meat was very good to eat, and that it was there in great plenty.

And the others heard him and wondered about it, and wanted to go up with him and see those things that he had told about. And so they did. Some young men and some girls climbed up the vine, after that first young man, and they came out on top of the ground, and they saw the great river and the beautiful country and the herds of buffalo. And they were pleased.

But, among those who were trying to get up, was a very large and fat woman.

The chiefs told her she must n't try to climb up the vine, because they were afraid she would be too heavy for it and would break it down.

And because they would n't let her go up, she had to stop trying, then. But she just had to go up because the chiefs had told her that she must n't. And by and by, when there was nobody around the foot of the vine, she came and tried again to climb up it.

She started and went up part way; but then the vine broke, because she was so very heavy, and let her fall down. And she was very much hurt by the fall, but she did n't die.

The Mandans were very sorry about this, and the fat woman was disgraced for breaking the vine, which nobody could ever

mend. So nobody else could ever go up, and those who had gone up could n't ever get down again.

And the young men and the girls who were on top of the ground built the Mandan village on the bank of the great river. It was the old village that they built, a long way farther down the river than the new village that this book tells about.

But the rest of the Mandan people live under ground to this day.

X

THE PRETEND-WAR STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round and were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One pleasant morning in the summer San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah waked up long before sunrise, which was not at all unusual for them, for they had to go to bed

at dark. Little boys can't sleep all the time. And they jumped up and began to feel around at the head of their bed for something that they had put there the day before. There was only a very little light in the lodge, for it was n't quite daylight yet.

Pretty soon they found what they were looking for, and it was several things for each boy. O-me-pah pulled out a little bow and some large stalks of grass. The stalks of grass were for arrows. They were almost as large round as real arrows, but they were hollow and very light so that they would n't hurt anybody. And he had a belt made of deer skin and a little wooden knife to go in the belt. Besides these things there was a little tuft, made of three ends of grass tied together. And San-ja-ka-ko-ka had things of each kind, only they were

a little larger, because he was a bigger boy.

Then O-me-pah put on his belt and stuck his wooden knife in it. And San-ja-ka-ko-ka tied the tuft of grass to a lock of O-me-pah's hair, but he tied it very lightly, so that it could be pulled off easily. And O-me-pah tied a tuft of grass to a lock of San-ja-ka-ko-ka's hair in the same way, and that was all the dressing they did, for they did n't have a stitch of clothes on their bodies. None of the little boys had any clothes on in the game they were going to play. And Mah-ha was ready and the two boys went out with him.

In the great open place in front of Mah-ha's lodge were a great many little boys and four men. There were two of the men for leaders, and the other men were

only going to look on. And when the sun was almost up, all the boys in the village that were between seven years old and fifteen years old had come there. They started walking along the paths between the lodges to the gate of the village, and they went out of the gate and, by that time, some of the boys were running. Then the sun came up. And pretty soon, all the boys were running over the prairie and yelling and shouting. There were about three hundred boys, and they made a good deal of noise.

When they had gone about a quarter of a mile out upon the prairie the men told them to stop and they stopped. And the men divided them into two parties, and they led the two parties in opposite ways, so that they could n't see each other, and each leader told the boys in his party what they

ought to do. O-me-pah was on the same side as San-ja-ka-ko-ka, but he was with the littler boys, so that he was n't near him. O-me-pah was n't so much excited as you might think he would have been, for they played this game nearly every pleasant morning, all summer.

O-me-pah lay down flat, so that he was hidden in the grass, and he began to crawl, on his stomach, towards the top of a little gentle hill that they were behind, for he wanted to see where the boys on the other side were. All around him were other boys crawling, and they made a little rustling noise in the grass, and each boy had his bow and his grass arrows in his hand.

O-me-pah kept on crawling, and the grass tickled his bare body, and pretty soon, he got to the top of the gentle little hill. Then



THE WAR GAME

he stopped and looked about, but he was very careful not to move any more than he had to, for it would have made the grass wave about so that the other side could tell that he was there. And he thought that he saw the grass waving, not far off, and he kept very still, but he looked harder and he saw that it was one of the boys on the other side. And that boy had got ahead of the rest, so that there was no other boy very near him.

Then O-me-pah fitted one of his grass arrows to his bow quickly, and he jumped to his feet and shot at the other boy. And the grass arrow struck that boy in the neck and he fell over as if he were dead. Then O-me-pah gave a yell and rushed to that boy, and as he ran he pulled out his wooden knife. And he grabbed the tuft of grass

that was tied to his hair, and he made a motion with his knife as though he were scalping, and he pulled off the tuft of grass and waved it, and then he put it in his belt.

O-me-pah had done all this very quickly, but half a dozen boys of the other side had fitted arrows to their bows, and they shot at him before he could get away. But some of the arrows would n't have hit him, anyway, and he dodged the others excepting one that hit him in the leg, and that would n't have killed him if it had been a real arrow. So he ran back, and he limped as he ran.

But there were a good many of the boys on O-me-pah's side who sprang up and shot at the boys on the other side and drove them off and took some pretend scalps. And the boys on O-me-pah's side chased those other boys, and they got led

into a place where some others were hidden in the grass; but O-me-pah was n't, because he was lame from his wound. And he saw that others were hidden there, and he yelled at the boys to stop or they would be ambushed. And they stopped, but some of them were too far to stop. They ran back, but six of them got hit with arrows and were pretend dead.

Then O-me-pah's side pretended to retreat. Some of the boys ran away while the others went around, quietly, to try to attack that other side at some other place, where they were n't expecting it. And there was n't any use in trying to hide any more, for the two sides were too near together and too much mixed up.

And the boys got more and more excited and made their real attacks and their pre-

tend attacks just as if they were really fighting.

At last, after about an hour of this kind of fighting, the two sides were opposite each other and about twenty feet apart, for the men who were their leaders had managed it so that they should be. And the boys all yelled and shot the arrows that they had left, and a good many were hit by the arrows, some of one side and some of the other side. If they were hit in the arms or the legs they were only wounded, but if they were hit in the body or in the head they fell down and were pretend dead, and the boy who had shot the arrow went after the grass scalp with his wooden knife.

O-me-pah got two more pretend wounds in this fight, and he took another pretend scalp. And just as he had shot his last

arrow, the leaders made them stop and the fight was over. The dead boys all came to life again, instantly, and they jumped up, and the wounded boys were all well of their wounds, and they all went back to the village together. And they went in at the gate, and by the narrow paths between the lodges, back to the open place where the big canoe was.

There they found all the chiefs and a good many others; and the chiefs said that they had all fought very bravely, and they made the boys who had taken scalps come out in front of them all and tell about it. And each boy who had taken a scalp had to brag horribly about how brave he had been, and O-me-pah bragged rather more than most of the boys, for he had taken two scalps. But that was the Indian way.

And they had a scalp-dance, and the boys who had taken scalps went into the dance, jumping up and down and shaking and waving the grass scalps that they had taken, and yelling at the top of their lungs.

And when the dance was over, O-me-pah ran into his lodge and had his breakfast. He had n't had anything to eat yet, and he was very hungry.

XI

THE SWIMMING STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One morning in summer, very early, O-me-pah was playing a game with War-rah-pah, and he got rather hot, although he did n't have on any clothes to speak of. So

he told War-rah-pah that he guessed he 'd go in swimming. And Wah-rah-pah was willing, and he said that he guessed he 'd go too. So the two little boys started right off.

They ran along a narrow path between the lodges and out at the gate of the village, and along the path that led along the edge of the prairie, by the river, past the beach where Sha-ko-ka went down to the clay place, to another beach of white sand, a little farther down. When they got there, they saw a lot of men and boys who had already gone in swimming, and some of them were just playing around in the water, and some of the men were teaching their very littlest boys how to swim, and some were swimming across the swift current of the river and back again. The place where the wo-

men went in swimming was farther up the river, on the other side of the village.

So O-me-pah and Wah-rah-pah kicked off their moccasins and took off the other things they had on. They had on so little that they could do it without stopping. And they ran into the water, and when the water was deep enough about their feet to make running hard work they put their hands up and dived into it, head first. They did n't come up again for such a long time that you might have thought they had been drowned. But they had n't been drowned. They were swimming under water; and at last, they came up right close to some other boys, a good way out into the river.

And those other boys yelled when O-me-pah and Wah-rah-pah came up close to them, for they had almost been surprised.

And they swam quickly, rolling their bodies from one side to the other and reaching out with their hands, first with the right hand and then with the left hand out of the water. That was the way the Mandan Indians swam. Those other boys wanted to get to O-me-pah and War-rah-pah and duck them before they had had time to get their breath. But when they thought they had them, O-me-pah and War-rah-pah slipped under the hands that were reaching out for them and grabbed the boys by the feet and held up their feet, so that their heads went under the water. They would have swallowed a lot of water if they had n't known how to swim pretty well.

So they all swam about and played, and they splashed one another and got cool. And then Mah-ha had come down to the



SWIMMING

swimming-place, and he swam past O-me-pah and called to him to follow and he would take him across the river and back. But he told the other boys not to come, because he could n't be bothered with more than one to look out for. For it would be the first time that O-me-pah had ever swum across the river, and Mah-ha did n't want anything to take his attention off O-me-pah.

So O-me-pah started, following Mah-ha as he had been told to do, and he was a little bit excited because the current of the river is swift, and because he had never done so much before. As they got out where the current was swifter, O-me-pah began to be a little frightened and to swim harder, and he did n't get ahead so fast. And Mah-ha saw that he was frightened,

and he spoke to him and told him to swim easily, for he knew that O-me-pah could swim well enough if he did n't get excited. And instead of swimming ahead of O-me-pah, Mah-ha dropped back and swam beside him, but on the down-stream side. Then O-me-pah was n't frightened any more, for he knew that his father could reach him in one stroke. So he swam easily and went faster, and he went almost as fast as Mah-ha could unless he swam as fast as he was able.

So they got into quiet water, at last, but they were a long way down river; and they swam into shallow water, and O-me-pah stood up. He was very much surprised to see how far down the current had carried them, but he yelled at the other boys, and they heard him and yelled back at him and

waved their hands. Then Mah-ha found a nice sandy beach, and he called O-me-pah to come and rest himself. And O-me-pah came, and they lay down in the sand, and the sun shone on them and made them warm and they rested.

While they rested, Mah-ha talked to O-me-pah and told a story about a time when he had had to swim across the river to get away from a war party of the Sioux or Dah-co-tahs. He had swum under water as long as he could, and then he had come to the top of the water long enough to get a deep breath, and the Dah-co-tahs had shot at him. The arrows did n't hit him, but the Dah-co-tahs thought they had because he went under water again very quickly. And he had landed on that very beach where they were, and he had rested there, for it had

been almost dark, by that time. When he had rested, he ran on, down the river bank, until he was nearly opposite the old village, and then he swam across. That was before they moved to the new village.

O-me-pah was glad to have his father tell him about himself, and he listened very quietly; but his eyes shone when Mah-ha told about landing on that very beach. And he asked if it was near where they were lying that Mah-ha had lain down to rest; and Mah-ha looked about and said that, as near as he could tell, it was just about where O-me-pah was then. And O-me-pah was very proud.

Then they were all rested, and they had to go back. So they got up and went into the water where it was shallow and where there was no current, near the shore, and

they paddled up the river slowly, and they played and had a good time. And after a while, they found that they were just about as far above the swimming-place as they had been below it when they landed to rest.

So they struck out into the current, side by side, and O-me-pah swam easily, and he was n't frightened at all. And they came to the other shore just at the swimming-place, in among the boys and men. Then Mah-ha patted O-me-pah on the back and said something that O-me-pah knew meant that his father was very well satisfied with him. And he was glad.

But Mah-ha went out of the water and O-me-pah and War-rah-pah went out, too. And they ran quickly back to the village, and War-rah-pah went on to the lodge

where he lived, but Mah-ha and O-me-pah went into their own lodge.

Then they rubbed themselves until they were dry, and Mah-ha got down the bear's grease. And he rubbed his body all over with bear's grease and rubbed it in well, until he was comfortable and all shiny, and he rubbed bear's grease into his hair, too. And O-me-pah rubbed bear's grease all over his body and into his hair, just as Mah-ha had done.

Then he went out to find War-rah-pah again.

XII

THE TURNIP STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

They had to have things to eat. And the things that they had were buffalo-meat and deer-meat and antelope-meat and other kinds of meat, but they had more buffalo-

meat than anything else. And they had pemmican and marrow-fat, for bread and butter, but they were really buffalo-meat. And they had corn in its season, and dried corn, after; and dried buffalo-berries and dried service-berries and dried strawberries, and wild plums, dried; and they had all those different kinds of berries fresh, in their season, too, and some other kinds. And they had fish, which they caught in the river. And they had squashes, which were dried and pounded up fine. And they had a kind of meal or flour made from the prairie-turnip. This flour made a very nice kind of pudding, with dried berries in it.

Mah-ha and the other men killed all the buffalo and antelope and other animals, and then Sha-ko-ka and the other women had to bring in the meat. And Sha-ko-ka and

the other women had to do all there was to be done about the corn and the dried berries, and they had to go out on the prairie and dig up the turnips, when they were ready, and bring them home and put them where they would dry; and when they were dry, they had to grind them into meal.

So, one day, some of the turnips were ready. And Sha-ko-ka and the two other women who lived in her lodge took their turnip-digging sticks from the place where they kept them. These sticks were rather long, and they were made of wood, and they had one end sharpened, something like the end of a carving-knife. And the sharpened end had been hardened in the fire, and the rest of the stick that Sha-ko-ka had was marked with all sorts of queer lines and figures. These queer lines and figures made

the stick look pretty, and they prevented Sha-ko-ka's hand from slipping when she was digging with it. Every woman had a turnip-stick.

When Sha-ko-ka and the other women had their sticks, they went out of the lodge and along the narrow path between the lodges until they came to the gate of the village. And they walked out of the gate and turned out of the path and out upon the prairie. When they had walked a little way over the prairie, they separated and walked slowly along and looked in the grass. And then, pretty soon, Sha-ko-ka saw a turnip plant.

So she went to the turnip plant, and she stooped down beside it, and she took her stick in both hands, and she jabbed the point hard into the ground close to the



INDIAN WOMAN WITH HER TURNIP STICK

plant. The stick went in pretty deep. And Sha-ko-ka pried up on the stick and gave it a sort of a twist at the same time, and up came the turnip out of the ground. For the turnip is the root of the plant. And Sha-ko-ka took the turnip and got up and went on looking about in the grass for more turnip plants.

Pretty soon she found another, and she dug up that turnip with her stick in the same way. And so she did until she had all the turnips she could carry, and the other women had all they could carry, too. For they had been finding turnips and digging them up just as Sha-ko-ka had, and each woman had her turnips tied up into a bundle and fastened with grass. And they all walked back to the village, carrying their loads of turnips; and they went in at the

gate and along the narrow path between the lodges, until they came to Mah-ha's lodge.

Then they put the loads of turnips from their backs on to the ground, and they all sat down beside them, for they were tired. And they undid the bundles and spread out the turnips and cut off the tops and put the turnips where they would dry. Then each woman stopped bothering with turnips and did some of the other things that she had to do. The women usually had plenty of things to do.

On other days they gathered more turnips and spread them out to dry. And there were a great many turnips drying by Mah-ha's lodge.

And the days went by, and in a good many days those turnips were all dry and

hard. When Sha-ko-ka saw that they were ready to grind into meal, she got out two stones from the place where she kept them. These stones were for pounding and grinding up anything, and one of the stones was hollowed out, after a fashion, and the other had a round part and another part to take hold of. And Sha-ko-ka set the hollowed-out stone on the ground and sat down, squatting before it, and she put one of the turnips in the hollowed-out place. Then she took up the other stone in both hands by the part that was meant to take hold of and she began to pound gently on the turnip with the stone that she held in her hands.

Pretty soon the turnip began to break in pieces. When it was broken into rather small pieces, Sha-ko-ka did n't pound any more, but she rocked and rubbed the round

stone over the pieces of turnip in the hollowed-out stone. And that ground the pieces into smaller pieces. And the pieces kept getting smaller and smaller until the turnip was almost as fine as white flour, but there were some pieces as coarse as meal.

When Sha-ko-ka saw that, she thought that it was fine enough; and she put down the round stone and emptied the meal out into an earthenware dish that she had brought. Then she put another turnip into the hollowed-out stone and ground that up, in the same way, and she emptied that meal into the dish with the other. And so she did until she had ground up all the turnips into meal.

Then she put some of the meal into bags made of skin, and hung the bags up in the lodge. That meal was to use whenever

she needed it. The rest of the meal was for use in the winter. That other meal, that Sha-ko-ka would use in the winter, she put into bags made of skin, too, as many as she had; but a part of it she put into earthenware pots. And she carried those bags and the pots that were filled with meal to the place where the Indians stored the food that they would use in the winter.

This place where they kept their food for the winter was a hole in the ground, and it was shaped something like a great enormous jug with its mouth just at the top of the ground. It was lined, all over the bottom and all around the sides, with a thick layer of the long prairie-grass so that the things that were put in the pit should n't freeze. For the winters, in that country, are long and cold. The pit was only partly

filled, yet, with buffalo-meat, dried, and dried strawberries and some dried antelope-meat and some kinds of berries besides strawberries, and green corn, dried on the cob. But before winter came, that pit and many others like it would be packed tightly with all the kinds of things that the Mandan Indians had to eat through the winter, when the prairies were covered with deep snow; and the mouths of those jug-like holes in the ground would be tightly closed with prairie-grass and with dirt on top of the grass.

So Sha-ko-ka got down into the pit, and it was so deep that her head did n't reach to the top of the ground. And the other women handed her the bags and pots of turnip meal, and she packed them in the way they ought to go. When that was

done, the other women helped Sha-ko-ka to get out of the pit, and they covered it and walked back to Mah-ha's lodge.

And Sha-ko-ka sat down and was glad. For there was enough turnip meal to last through the winter; enough for Mah-ha and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah and Sha-ko-ka and the other women, and for anybody else that came to their lodge. For they kept the pot over the fire all the time, and it was filled with soup made of buffalo ribs, and sometimes corn in it, and turnip meal. And any Indian in the village had a right to go into any lodge at any time, even into the chief's lodge, order the pot taken off the fire, and eat as long as he was hungry.

That was a pretty good way to do, too.

XIII

THE BOWL STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. And the lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

They had to have some kind of things to hold the food that they ate. They made spoons of buffalo-horn, scraped very thin and polished. Buffalo-horn was as black as

jet. And they made a kind of ladle of the horn of the mountain sheep, or big-horn, and those ladles were scraped very thin and polished, and they were very nearly transparent. Some of them would hold a quart or more. Besides these and the skin bags and the iron pots which they got from the fur traders, they had earthenware dishes. The Mandan women made these dishes and pots of earthenware; but they did n't glaze them, as we glaze the inside of our earthenware pots, because they did n't know how.

One day, when there was n't very much else to do, Sha-ko-ka thought that she would make some earthenware dishes and bowls. She had had enough bowls, but some of them had got broken, so that she needed some more. So she got out a basket and her bone pick-axe and her shovel of

bone; and she put the pick-axe and the shovel into the basket and swung the basket around upon her shoulder. Then she went out of the lodge and started along the narrow path between the lodges towards the gate of the village. But she had n't gone far when she met O-me-pah. And O-me-pah asked her where she was going. And Sha-ko-ka said that she was going to the clay place to get some clay to make bowls. Then O-me-pah said that he guessed that he would go, too, for he thought it would be fun to make a little bowl. And Sha-ko-ka told him to come along, then, and he went.

They walked along the path between the lodges to the gate of the village; and out of the gate and along the path by the river bank to the going-down place by the little beach; and back by the water to the clay



ON THE UPPER MISSOURI, ABOVE THE VILLAGE

place. But O-me-pah stopped to cut some willow twigs, and he wove these into a rough kind of a basket. It was a very rough basket, and it was only about as big as his head, but it would hold as much clay as he would need.

Then Sha-ko-ka picked some of the clay down with her pick-axe, and O-me-pah put it into the baskets, but he filled his own basket first, and he did n't quite fill Sha-ko-ka's, so that she had to shovel some of the clay in, herself. And when the baskets were filled, they carried them to the kiln that was a little way off.

The kiln was a sort of an oven and a sort of a fireplace where the bowls and pots were baked by fire after they had been made out of clay. It was built of stones, and there was a place for the fire, and there was a

place to put the bowls and pots so that they should get very hot. And in front of the kiln, there were some flat stones to put the clay on, while it was being made into bowls and pots.

O-me-pah dumped some of his clay out of his little basket upon one of the flat stones that was little, and Sha-ko-ka dumped some of her clay out of her basket upon another of the flat stones that was larger. And they got some water from the river and mixed the water with the clay. To do that O-me-pah made a little wall of clay all around, and he poured water into the middle, and the water could n't get out because the wall of clay kept it in.

Then he stirred around with his hand in the water, and some of the clay from the wall fell into the water, and as he stirred,

the water got to be a sort of thin mud. And he kept on stirring, and more clay from the wall fell in, and the mud got thicker and more pasty, and the wall got thinner. Then O-me-pah put in a little more water and that made his clay into nice, lovely mud that was just right. And he put both hands into it and worked it and kneaded it and squashed it between his fingers so that it oozed out, between them, at the back. He thought it was fun to feel the slimy, slippery clay oozing, that way, and he kept on doing that way longer than he needed to; but, at last, he began to shape his little bowl.

Sha-ko-ka had her first bowl nearly done; and she was shaping it, with swift, deft movements of her hands. O-me-pah had made two or three bowls before, but he did n't know how very well, so he watched

Sha-ko-ka, and tried to do the way she did. She was working more clay up into the rim of her bowl, and she used both of her hands, sweeping them around and up, one inside the bowl and one outside, feeling how thick it was between them. And she made the rim of the bowl right between her thumb and first finger of one hand. It looked easy and O-me-pah tried to do it.

O-me-pah found that it was n't as easy as it looked. When his bowl was done, it was a great deal too thick in some places and too thin in other places; but it was a bowl. He lifted it from the stone, very carefully, for the bottom might stick to the stone if he was n't careful, and then his bowl would n't have any bottom to it. But he got it off the stone and he smoothed the bottom with his hand, and held it up and

asked Sha-ko-ka if that was n't a nice bowl. And Sha-ko-ka laughed and said that it was, and then she got up and got some wood to build the fire in the kiln, and she told O-me-pah to run and get a burning stick from the lodge.

So O-me-pah ran, and he came running back, bringing a burning stick from the lodge fire. The stick was n't blazing, because he ran so fast; but the end of it was all glowing brightly, and when he stopped running and handed the stick to Sha-ko-ka it began to blaze. And Sha-ko-ka put it under the pile of wood that she had gathered, and the pile began to burn. Then she put her bowl in the place where bowls and pots were put, in the kiln, and she put O-me-pah's bowl there, too, and she sat down to make another bowl.

When she had got that other bowl done she put it in the kiln, too. And she put some more wood on the fire, and that burnt up and she put on some more. Then one of the other women came and took her turn at the fire, and Sha-ko-ka went home; and when she had rested she came back again. She kept up the fire in the kiln until the bowls were baked enough and were turned to a reddish color, but not so red as brick. Then she let the fire go out. And the bowls got cool, and Sha-ko-ka and the other woman took them and Sha-ko-ka's basket and her bone shovel and her pick-axe of bone, and they started back to the lodge.

But O-me-pah had come down after his own little bowl, and he took it under his arm and scrambled up the path by the going-up place, and he ran along by the

edge of the river bank, and he overtook Sha-ko-ka and the other woman. Then he shouted at them and waved his bowl and ran on. And he came to the gate of the village, and he ran in and along the path between the lodges, past his father's lodge and on until he came to the lodge where War-rah-pah lived. And there was War-rah-pah beside the lodge.

Then O-me-pah shouted and waved his bowl again, and War-rah-pah came to see what it was that O-me-pah had. Then the two little boys sat down on the ground and O-me-pah showed War-rah-pah the bowl that he had made, himself. O-me-pah was very proud of his bowl.

XIV

THE BUFFALO-DANCE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. And the paths between the lodges were narrow and they all led to an open place in the middle of the village where there was a sort of a big hogshead set up in the ground. This hogshead was called the big canoe.

Once, in the summer, the Mandans had

eaten nearly all the buffalo-meat that they had, and the young men had been out, on their horses, as far as they dared to go, over all the prairies around, looking for buffalo, and they could n't find any. They were very sorry that there were n't any buffalo, because the Mandans, as well as other Indians, lived on buffalo-meat and if they could n't find any buffalo, they would have to go hungry. So the young men went back to the village and told the chiefs and medicine-men. And the chiefs and the medicine-men had a long talk about it, and at last they decided that the only way to bring the buffalo was to dance for them. So they sent runners who ran through the village and cried out the orders that they should have a buffalo-dance.

When O-me-pah heard the cries of the

runners, he scrambled up on top of the lodge. For Mah-ha's lodge was one of the first row around the open place, and O-me-pah knew that the buffalo-dance would be around the big canoe that was in the middle of that open place, and he wanted to see it. And Sha-ko-ka scrambled up there, too, and so did San-ja-ka-ko-ka.

When the young men of the tribe heard what the runners were crying, each one ran into his lodge and to the head of his bed. There hung his lance and his bow and his quiver and his shield and his buffalo-mask, which each one had to keep for the buffalo-dance. This buffalo-mask was the skin of the buffalo's head, with the horns on, and a strip of skin running down the back and ending in a sort of tassel, or the real tail of the buffalo. And the young

men put this mask over their heads and took in their hands the bow which they used for hunting buffalo, and they took some blunt-headed arrows; or, instead of the bows and the arrows, some of them took their lances. And they got ready as fast as they could, and they hurried out to the big canoe.

The medicine-men had already begun to beat their drums, and about a dozen men, with their buffalo-masks on, began the dance, which was to make the buffalo come. They went around slowly, in a circle, stamping and yelling in time with the taps of the drum, and yelping and grunting and bellowing and making a horrible noise, and flourishing their bows and lances. The chiefs and medicine-men had sent out some men to be lookers, and these lookers ran

to the tops of the little hills round about, where they could see any buffalo that came, and where they could see the village. The lookers were to look for buffalo and to signal to the village when they saw them.

The buffalo-dance went on, with the beating of the drums and the yelping and stamping and grunting and bellowing of the dancers, for a long time, until O-me-pah began to get tired of watching it, although he liked to hear the noise. But at last, one of the men who was dancing bent forward, more and more, until he was almost going on his hands and feet. This was a sign that he was tired, and one of the others raised his bow and drew it, and shot him with a blunt-headed arrow. As soon as he felt the arrow hit him, he fell over just as a buffalo fell when he was shot.



THE BUFFALO-DANCE

Then the men and women who were standing around the dancers, watching them, yelled and took hold of him by the heels and dragged him out of the ring and waved their knives over him. Then they pretended to skin him and cut him up, but they did n't hurt him, really. And when that was done, they let him go; and he got up and took his buffalo-mask, and went away to his lodge, and another man, with a buffalo-mask on, danced into the ring.

Pretty soon, another man who had begun the dance got tired and bent forward and was shot and skinned and cut up; and then he went to his lodge, and his place was taken by another. Then another did the same way and then another. And it got late and O-me-pah got down from the top of the lodge and went inside, and after a while, he went to bed.

But the buffalo-dance went on, with its horrible noises. It went on for four days and didn't stop, day or night. O-me-pah wished that it would, for he was tired of hearing the noise. Then, all of a sudden, it stopped, just before sunrise one morning. And the reason it stopped was that one of the lookers had given the signal by throwing his robe, which meant that he saw buffalo.

And everybody was very glad, and they all shouted their thanks to the Great Spirit and to the medicine-men and to the dancers. Then the young men got ready for the hunt as quickly as they could.

XV

THE BUFFALO-HUNT STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One morning in the summer, just before sunrise, O-me-pah ran out of Mah-ha's lodge; and he saw the Mandan young men hurrying to get ready for a buffalo hunt,

and everybody looked very glad. For there had been very little buffalo-meat in the village for a long time, and they could n't find any buffalo, so that they had been having a dance to make the buffalo come. The dance had lasted four days and had been going day and night and the buffalo had come, for the lookers on the hilltops had given the signal. And some of the young men were trying their bows and some were polishing their lances by running their points into the ground, and all were boasting, and the horses were excited and fretting. Then Mah-ha came riding along.

Mah-ha had his bow in his hand and he held half a dozen arrows, too; but he did n't have any quiver nor any shield nor any lance, and he was naked down to his waist. And his horse was naked, too, except for

the bridle and a lasso, which were fastened to the horse's lower jaw. Tied to his right wrist, he had a short, heavy whip.

The other Indians were all stripped, as Mah-ha was, and they all set off, on their horses, behind Mah-ha, after the buffalo. And O-me-pah was so excited that, before he knew it, he was running after them. Of course, he could n't keep up with the horses, but he ran on until he came to the top of the little hill where the looker was, the one that had given the signal. Then he saw the buffalo, a great many of them; and some were in their wallows and some were just standing around and doing nothing, and some were eating grass. A buffalo wallow was a shallow mud-hole in the ground that the buffalos had dug out with their horns. They liked to roll around in the mud and plaster themselves with it.

O-me-pah stood there, on the top of the little hill, and watched the young men riding as hard as they could pelt after the buffalo; and he saw his father, ahead of them, riding as hard as he could, too, and lashing his horse's flanks with his heavy whip; and he saw the horse trying to go faster and he knew that the horse's eyes were almost popping out of his head with eagerness. Then he saw Mah-ha stop his horse and hold up his hand for the others to stop. And they stopped and Mah-ha said something to them, and then they all went on again, their horses walking but all ready to begin to run hard.

Then the buffalos began to get uneasy, and those that had been lying down in the wallows got up and they all looked. They were down in a kind of hollow, and they could just see the Indians coming over the

top of a ridge, but the wind was blowing from the buffalos toward the Indians, so that they were n't sure what those queer things were. But pretty soon, the leaders thought it would be better for them to be somewhere else, and they began to run. And the Indians yelled and whipped up their horses, and it was a race. And O-me-pah watched that race.

Horses could run faster than buffalos could, and O-me-pah saw Mah-ha, whipping his horse, gain on the herd, with the others close behind him. And they rode a little around the herd, and turned the buffalos and drove them back toward the village, almost to the hill where O-me-pah was, and O-me-pah was all ready to run if he saw the buffalos come running in his direction. But they did n't.

A lot of other people had come to the little hill where O-me-pah was, men and women and children. They all watched the hunt, each one of them watching somebody in particular. O-me-pah watched Mah-ha, of course; and he saw him throw the end of the lasso down on the ground, so that it dragged behind his horse, with the other end fastened to the horse's lower jaw. And he saw him straighten up on his horse's back to pick out the buffalo he wanted, and then lean forward and urge on the horse again.

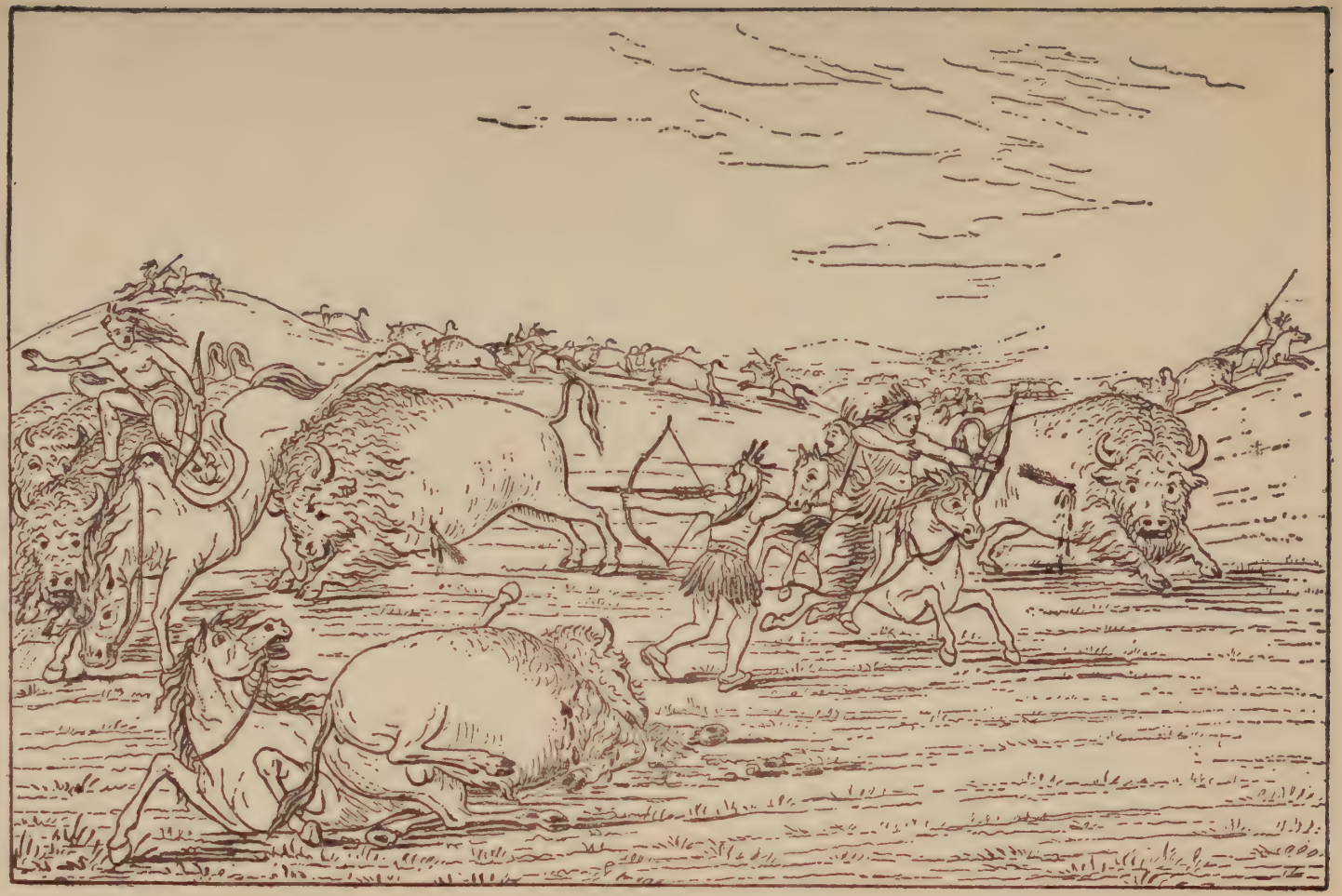
The horse went faster and went right in between the herd and the buffalo that Mah-ha had picked out; but before he had got that buffalo quite separated from the others, they crowded together again and squeezed the horse so that he had to rear up almost

straight on his hind legs as if he were trying to climb up on the buffalo's back. He did this so quickly that Mah-ha was thrown off, slipping down the horse's back and over his tail; for he did n't have any saddle. But he grabbed the end of the lasso and stopped the horse, and ran and got on his back again. Then he tried again to separate his buffalo from the herd.

That time he succeeded. And he had that buffalo running a little away from the herd, and the bridle lay loose on the horse's neck, and the horse was running just as fast as he could, to catch the buffalo and pass it. And Mah-ha was leaning over a little towards the buffalo, and he fitted an arrow to the string of his bow. His horse was gaining, and was almost even with the buffalo, and only a few feet away; and when

Mah-ha was nearly opposite its shoulder, he drew his bow quickly and fired. The arrow buried itself nearly to the feathers in the buffalo's side, and the horse quickly sheered away from the great beast.

Mah-ha's horse was almost too slow; for as soon as the buffalo felt the arrow, it turned, instantly, with its head lowered, and tried to hook him with its horns. The buffalo was so quick that Mah-ha nearly got his leg caught by one of its horns. But Mah-ha lifted his leg over his horse's back, and the horn only scratched him and scratched the horse's flank. Then the buffalo staggered and fell on its knees and rolled over and died. And Mah-ha got off his horse and pulled out his arrow from the body of the buffalo, and got on the horse again and rode off after another.



THE BUFFALO-HUNT

Mah-ha got another and a third; and some of the others had got two and some had got only one, and one other man, besides Mah-ha, had three. One man had his horse killed because he did n't get away from a buffalo quickly enough and the buffalo hooked him.

By the time that Mah-ha had killed his three buffalos, the remainder of the herd had got away. And each man got off his horse and took his arrows from the bodies of the buffalos and claimed his own.

Then the men sat in a ring on the ground and smoked a few pipes and talked. And when they had smoked enough, they sent three men to the chiefs to tell them how many buffalos they had killed. But they did n't have to send word to the women, because the women knew about it already.

There had been many women on the hill with O-me-pah. And now these women came down to that part of the prairie where the bodies of the buffalos were, and they had their knives, and they began to skin the buffalos and to cut them up. And other women came from the village, and some of them had old horses to carry the meat into the village, and to carry the skins.

And everybody was glad because, now, they would have meat enough.

XVI

THE DRYING-MEAT STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day, in the summer, there had been a buffalo hunt, and the young men of the tribe had ridden out on their horses and had killed many buffalos. And when they

had killed the buffalos, they thought they had done enough, and the women had come out on the prairie with their knives. And they had skinned the buffalos and rolled the skins up into bundles, as well as they could, and those who had horses put the skins on their backs, to be carried into the village. But those who did n't have any horses had to half carry and half drag the skin, for a fresh buffalo-skin was a heavy load.

When all the skins were off, the bodies were cut up, and all the pieces except the poorest were taken into the village; and all the big bones that had marrow in them were taken, and some other things. It took a long time for the women to get all these things carried to the village, and there was a procession of women and their horses going



DRYING MEAT AND DRESSING SKINS

to the village with their loads, and another procession of women and their horses coming from the village without any loads. These processions were going and coming all the rest of that day, and they looked just like the processions of ants that you have seen carrying things into an ant-hill.

There were a great many, nearly a thousand, dogs that lived in that village, and they had all come out to grab as much meat as they could. The women had to fight them off the bodies of the buffalos while they cut off the meat they wanted, and as soon as they were through with a buffalo, the dogs began to feast upon what was left, and to snarl and fight. And when the women had all the meat carried in and the processions had stopped going and coming and it was dark, the wolves came and ate up what

the dogs had left. O-me-pah heard the wolves when he went to bed that night, but he did n't mind, because they were far off.

The next morning, Sha-ko-ka took her knife and she went to the place where she had put the meat the night before. And she picked out nice pieces of meat with streaks of fat and streaks of lean in them, as bacon has; and she cut up a great deal of the meat, in strips about an inch thick. It was all cut across the grain, as we cut slices off a roast.

Then she went to a place where there were a great many crotched sticks stuck in the ground, not far from Mah-ha's lodge. The crotched sticks were little trees that had had all their branches cut off smooth except the top branches. Those had n't been cut off smooth, but the bottom parts of two

branches had been left so that they made a crotch that would hold the end of another stick that was laid across it. Sometimes they put two sticks in the ground, crossing each other, instead of the crotched sticks. These crotched sticks were left in the ground for drying meat.

And Sha-ko-ka went to a pile of long, slender sticks that was there, and took up one of the sticks. She had brought as much of the cut-up meat as she could carry and she strung it on the slender stick, one piece at a time, until she had strung all her load of meat. Then O-me-pah came, with more of the cut-up meat; for O-me-pah was helping her. And Sha-ko-ka used some of the meat that O-me-pah had brought, until the stick was as full as it would hold.

Then she lifted the stick that had the

meat on it and rested one end in one of the crotches. She could do that by taking hold of it about the middle, but she was n't tall enough to reach the crotches. Sha-ko-ka was n't very tall, and the meat had to be high enough so that the dogs could n't get it when they stood on their hind legs and so that the wolves could n't get it, either, or else it would be all gone before the next morning.

So Sha-ko-ka could n't put up the other end of the stick without some help, and she told O-me-pah to hand her another crotched stick that lay beside the pile of slender sticks. And he handed her the crotched stick that she wanted, and she put the other end of the stick, with the meat on it, in the crotch. So she could raise it as high as she wanted to and put it in the crotch of the stick that

was set in the ground. Then that stick full of meat was drying in the sun, and it looked like a clothes-line full of brown stockings.

And so Sha-ko-ka did, stringing the meat on the slender sticks while O-me-pah kept bringing more. And she rested the sticks full of meat across the sticks that were stuck in the ground. At last all of her meat was hung up to dry and she sat down on the ground for a few minutes and O-me-pah sat beside her. And they both looked at the meat hanging on the sticks, and the slender sticks sagged in the middle with the weight of the meat. After a while, Sha-ko-ka went back to the lodge and O-me-pah ran off to play.

And the hot sun shone on the meat and the dry winds blew and dried its juices, and it kept getting a darker brown, and it kept

getting harder. And when it had hung there for four days, it was all dark brown and as hard as a stale biscuit. The sun and the dry winds had done it all, for Sha-ko-ka had n't used any salt nor any smoke to cure it, as we cure bacon or ham. The Mandan Indians did n't use any salt, and they did n't put salt in their food; none of the wild Indian tribes used salt.

So when Sha-ko-ka saw that the meat was all dried, she and the other women came. And they took down the slender sticks with the dried meat on them, and they slid the pieces of meat off the sticks. And they piled the meat up until there was enough for a load, and Sha-ko-ka took up that load and carried it to the lodge. She had to make some pemmican, and she would use that load and several more to make it.

And the other women took up their loads and they carried them to the lodge, too. When they had carried enough to the lodge, they carried the rest of the dried meat to the place where they kept the things that they would eat in the winter. And they took off the cover from the hole in the ground where they had put the turnip meal, and they stored the dried meat there, and packed it well with dried prairie-grass.

When all of that dried meat was put away, they covered the hole and went back to the lodge. And Mah-ha's three buffalos that he had killed made several hundred pounds of dried meat, besides the meat that Sha-ko-ka had kept, to be cooked and eaten while it was fresh.

XVII

THE PEMMICAN STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day, in the summer, Sha-ko-ka was going to make pemmican. She had a lot of dried buffalo-meat in the lodge, and it was all ready. So she got out of a corner

of the lodge a great wooden mortar, like the one in the kitchen of your grandmother's house that was used to pound up crackers in, only Sha-ko-ka's was bigger and it was n't so regular in shape. But it had some pictures of animals on the outside of it. And she got out a pestle that was nothing but a sort of a club with the big end made smooth and the other end smaller, to take hold of.

And she put the mortar on the ground and she sat down in front of it. And she took up a piece of dried buffalo-meat and she threw it into the mortar, and she took up the pestle in both hands and raised it up high, and then she let it fall. It made a great noise when it struck the meat in the mortar. *Thump!* And then she raised it up high again, and it rattled against the

sides of the mortar as it came out. *Clock-a-lock.* And so it went. *Thump! Clock-a-lock. Thump! Clock-a-lock.*

At last that piece of meat was all broken up fine and pounded as fine as sawdust. And Sha-ko-ka put down the pestle and she got some bags or sacks of skin. These sacks came out of the buffalos and the other animals that Mah-ha killed, and Sha-ko-ka saved them to put pemmican and marrow-fat in. So she took one of these bags that was all ready to use and she put the pemmican, which was nothing but dried buffalo-meat pounded fine, in the bag.

But that piece of meat did n't fill the bag, so she put the bag down on the ground and threw another piece of meat into the mortar and she took up the pestle and began to pound it. *Thump! Clock-a-lock.*



INDIAN METHOD OF SHOOTING THE BUFFALO

Thump! Clock-a-lock. And in a little while, that piece of meat was pounded as fine as sawdust, and Sha-ko-ka put it into the bag and tied the bag up tight.

So she did until she had all the buffalo-meat made into pemmican and tied up in the skin bags. And she meant to put some of the pemmican away to be eaten in the winter, but she thought that she would n't do it just then, for her arms ached. And she put the mortar and the pestle away in the corner where they belonged.

XVIII

THE MARROW-FAT STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day, in the summer, Sha-ko-ka came to the lodge with a load of buffalo bones. They were the great big bones, the kind that had marrow in them. And

O-me-pah saw her coming with them and he ran to help her; for he thought it was fun to break the bones open with stones, and he liked marrow, and he thought that Sha-ko-ka would give him some if he helped her.

Sha-ko-ka dumped her load of bones down by the side of the lodge, and while O-me-pah ran down to the shore of the river to find some stones, she went back for another load. And O-me-pah ran along the narrow path between the lodges until he came to the gate of the village, and he ran out of the gate and along the bank and down to the little beach. There he found some stones. He took two stones, but he had to walk all the way back to the lodge, because the stones were too heavy for him to run with. Just as he got back, there

was Sha-ko-ka with her second load of bones.

Sha-ko-ka dumped down her second load of bones by the side of the first. And she took one of the stones that O-me-pah had brought and she and O-me-pah began to break up the bones. O-me-pah picked out a middle-sized bone and he laid it on the ground, and he raised the stone that he had as high as he could, and he dropped it. And it hit the bone, and the bone cracked part way open, but not enough open for O-me-pah to get the marrow out of it. So he took up the stone again and dropped it on another part of the bone, and it cracked into two pieces, and the pieces fell apart. Then O-me-pah could get the marrow out of it; but the bone had been partly crushed where the stone had hit it, so that there

were some splinters of bone mixed up with the marrow.

But O-me-pah did n't care. He ran into the lodge and got the great iron pot that Mah-ha had got from the fur traders. And he came out, carrying the pot, and he put it down near the bones. Then he squatted down, and with a stick that was all smoothed off and had its end rounded off to fit into the hollow of the inside of the bones, he scooped out the marrow, and put it into the pot. But the first stickful that he scooped out looked so good to him that he popped it into his mouth. Then he looked at Sha-ko-ka and she smiled, so that he knew that it was all right for him to take that mouth-ful of marrow.

Sha-ko-ka did the same way as O-me-pah had done, and they cracked up the

bones pretty fast, and scooped out the marrow, and put it into the great iron pot. But the biggest bones would n't crack with just the dirt under them. When Sha-ko-ka dropped her stone on them they just dug into the ground and did n't crack. To crack those, they had to put one stone underneath and throw the other stone down on them.

When the iron pot was pretty nearly full of marrow, Sha-ko-ka took it into the lodge and hung it over the fire. The fire was n't very hot but just hot enough. And the marrow in the pot got hot, and it got hotter until it began to melt. At last it was all melted, and the melted marrow was separated from the pieces that were something like skin, and from the splinters of bone. And Ó-me-pah watched her.

Then Sha-ko-ka took down some buffalo



IN FULL CHASE

bladders from a beam of the lodge. They were a kind of natural bag, shaped like a football. And she held one resting on the ground, and she dipped the marrow out of the pot with a horn spoon and poured it into the bladder. When that one was full she twisted up the opening and took another, and she filled that in the same way. And so she did until she had used all the marrow that there was in the pot. Then she carried the pot outside again, for more marrow, and she put the bladders of hot marrow where they would cool.

And so Sha-ko-ka did until she had tried out all the marrow in all the bones that she had, and had put it into bladders. When the last of the marrow fat was put away, the first was all cool and hard, like tallow. And she took down one of the first bladders and

opened it, and O-me-pah looked in. The marrow-fat looked just like rich yellow butter.

O-me-pah wanted some, and he thought he might as well have his supper right then. So Sha-ko-ka scooped out some of the marrow-fat and put it in a bowl. Then she took down a bag of pemmican and put some pemmican in the bowl with the marrow-fat. And O-me-pah sat down on the ground with his legs crossed under him and took the bowl in his lap, and he ate the marrow-fat with the pemmican, just as we would eat bread and butter.

He thought it was very good.

XIX

THE ROBE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day, in summer, Mah-ha had killed three buffalos and Sha-ko-ka had skinned them, and she had brought the skins home to her lodge, and there they lay now, folded

up, on the ground. The skins had to be dressed or cured, so that they could be used, and so that they would keep good for a very long time, and so that it would n't hurt them to be wet. The Indians did n't know how to tan skins, as we do, to make them into leather, but they knew a better way to do, for their purposes.

So Sha-ko-ka took a great lot of ashes that had come out of the fire-pit, and she poured water through them, over and over, until it made a strong lye and was as thick as syrup. This lye, from wood ashes, is the same kind that we used to use, to put with grease and make soft soap.

When Sha-ko-ka had the lye all made, she put two of the buffalo skins into it. I don't know what she used to put the lye and the skins in, for a buffalo skin takes up

a good deal of room, and the iron pot that Mah-ha got from the fur traders could n't have been big enough, even if she had n't needed it for other things. But she did it, somehow, and left them in the lye for three or four days, until the hair would come off easily.

The other skin was the skin of a young bull buffalo, and Sha-ko-ka did n't want to take the hair off. So she took it to a place where the ground had been made very smooth and hard and level. And she drove little stakes into the ground, and she stretched the skin very tight with the hair side next to the ground. And she turned up the edges of the skin a little all around, and she poured some lye over it, and there was a little thin layer of lye all over the side of the skin that the buffalo had had next to himself. Then

she went away and left it in the sun, and she went about her other business.

The next morning, Sha-ko-ka took, from the corner of the lodge, the shoulder blade of a buffalo, and this bone had been sharpened along one edge, somewhat like her bone shovel. She kept this sharpened shoulder blade to use in dressing skins. And she went to the buffalo skin that was stretched out on the ground. The lye had all dried up so that it was sort of gummy. And Sha-ko-ka got down on her knees at the edge of the skin and rubbed it all over with the sharpened bone. Then she brought some more lye and poured another thin layer over the skin. Then she went away and left it in the sun, and she went about her other business.

The next morning, she did the same way;

but the morning after that, she thought that the skin had had enough lye on it. So she scraped it all off, carefully, with the sharpened shoulder blade. While she was scraping the skin, O-me-pah ran into the lodge and hunted around until he found a bowl that Sha-ko-ka had told him about; and this bowl had in it some queer looking stuff. This queer stuff was the brains of the very buffalo that had owned the skin. This was what Sha-ko-ka wanted. So O-me-pah took the bowl and ran out again to the place where Sha-ko-ka was working on the skin, and he set the bowl down on the ground.

Sha-ko-ka had just got through scraping the skin, and she had scraped the remains of the lye all off, and the skin was beginning to look clean and nice. Then she took up the bowl of buffalo's brains, and she

emptied it on the skin, and she smeared it around, all over the skin, until she had covered every part of it with a thin layer of brains. Then she got up, and she took up the sharpened bone and the empty bowl, and she went back into the lodge and left the skin stretched out there in the sun, with buffalo's brains smeared over it. There it stayed for four days. And Sha-ko-ka went and looked at it, every day, but she did n't do anything to it.

On the fourth day, she took the sharpened bone, and one of the other women took another sharpened bone, and they went out to the place where the skin was. And both the women got down on their knees and scraped as hard as they could, all over that side of the skin, and they bore on the sharpened bones with all their weight. When they



ROBE OF MAH-TO-TOH-PA, A WELL-KNOWN MANDAN CHIEF, PAINTED, WITH ALL HIS BATTLES, BY HIS OWN HAND

had scraped it all over they began again and scraped it all a second time. And so they did until the skin was dry and very soft.

But it was n't done yet. It had to be smoked. So Sha-ko-ka and the other woman went to a place, not far off, where there was a fire-pit dug in the ground but no lodge over it. And there they made a little tent by leaning some poles together and wrapping skins around the poles and sewing the skins together at the edges and fastening them down to the ground by pegs. Then they put a good deal of rotten wood and punk in the fire-pit and lighted it. When it was going, it made very little blaze, but a great deal of smoke.

And they put in that tent the robe that Sha-ko-ka had been working over, and they

put in, besides, the two other skins, which the other women had done. Then they shut the tent tight and fastened it, and they went away and left it. And the fire burned slowly, glowing, without any blaze, and it made a great smoke. The smoke could n't get out of the tent and it filled it full; and the smoke got into the skins and it began to change them so that it would n't hurt them to get wet, but they would dry as soft as they had been before. They stayed in the hot smoke until the next day.

The next day, Sha-ko-ka went to the smoke-tent and she undid the skins that made the tent and they fell off. And the smoke all went away, and there were the robes. The one that Sha-ko-ka had worked over was hung from the poles, but the two others were on the ground. The two other

women came and got the two that they had done, but Sha-ko-ka carried hers, and she gave it to Mah-ha, but she did n't say anything. And Mah-ha took it in his hands, and he looked it all over carefully; and when he had done looking it over, he nodded his head and gave a little grunt. Sha-ko-ka was satisfied, for she knew that Mah-ha was pleased.

Then Mah-ha spread out the robe and felt it all over and looked at it some more; and it felt so soft and looked so white and nice that he thought he would paint on it, pictures of all the battles that he had ever had in his life. So he got the things that he used to paint with, and he began to paint. Mah-ha could n't paint very well, and he could n't paint very fast. It took him nearly three weeks to finish the robe; but when

it was done, he thought it was so beautiful, and he was so proud of it, that he wore it whenever he was all dressed up in his best clothes.

XX

THE CORN STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

They had to have things to eat. The things that they had to eat were buffalo-meat and deer-meat and antelope-meat and other kinds of meat, but they had more buf-

falo-meat than anything else. And they had pemmican and marrow-fat, for bread and butter, but they were really buffalo-meat. And they had dried buffalo-berries and dried service-berries and dried strawberries and wild plums, dried; and they had all these different kinds of berries fresh, in their season, too, and some other kinds. And they had fish, which they caught in the river. And they had a kind of meal or flour made from the prairie-turnip, and they had squashes, which were dried and pounded up into meal. And they had green corn, in its season, and dried corn after.

Sha-ko-ka attended to the corn, with the other women. Each woman had her patch of corn. One day in the spring, Sha-ko-ka went out to her corn patch. It was late in the spring, for the place where the Mandans

lived was far north, not far from the borders of Canada, and warm weather came later there. And Sha-ko-ka took with her a hoe made of the shoulder blade of the buffalo, but I don't know whether it was the same bone that she used for scraping the skins or not. Probably it was n't, for the hoe must have been rough and dirty, and it would n't do to use a rough thing to scrape the skins with, for it would n't make them soft and smooth.

So Sha-ko-ka walked along the narrow path between the lodges, and she came to the gate of the village; and she went out at the gate and out upon the prairie, just outside the wall of logs that were sticking up in the ground. There were many other women there, each getting her patch of ground ready to plant the corn. And Sha-

ko-ka went to the place where her patch was to be, and she began to dig up the ground with her bone hoe. The Indians did n't know anything about ploughs, which was a pity, for it was a good deal of work preparing the ground, with only a hoe, and a hoe would n't do it nearly so well as a plough would do it.

But Sha-ko-ka worked away for a long time, and at last she had her patch of ground all hoed up. Then she had to put in what O-me-pah called, in the Mandan language, "richening." It was something to make the soil richer, and we call it fertilizer or dressing. I don't know what Sha-ko-ka used for dressing. Along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, the Indians used to put a fish in each hill of corn, and perhaps she did, too. Then she was all ready for the corn.

The corn was dried on the cobs, and O-me-pah helped her get the kernels off, the same way you do with pop-corn. They were very small ears of corn, hardly longer than Sha-ko-ka's thumb, and the kernels were all hard and wrinkled. When the kernels were all off the cobs, O-me-pah took some in a little bag, and he ran along and dropped four or five in each hill that Sha-ko-ka had got ready. And Sha-ko-ka came after and covered them up as fast as she could. There was just barely enough corn to plant all the hills, and O-me-pah had to go back over the last four hills and rob them of one kernel each, or else he would n't have had enough to put any in the last hill.

The last hill of corn was planted, at last, and Sha-ko-ka and O-me-pah went away and left it. And the sun shone and the rain

fell upon that corn field, and on the ninth day little stiff leaves poked up through the ground, and each leaf was curled up tight, so that it looked like a tiny green spike sticking straight up. And in two or three days after that, the leaves of corn uncurled and began to wave in the wind; but they were still very small.

And the summer went on, and Sha-ko-ka went almost every day to her corn patch, and on some days she hoed it with the bone hoe, and on other days she did n't. And the corn grew and grew, but it did n't grow very tall, for it was n't the tall kind. It had to be what we call very early corn, because they don't have a long summer in that country. And the tassels came and the silk of each ear; and the ears grew larger until, at last, they seemed to be as large as they would

grow. That was not very large. Sha-ko-ka could tell only by feeling of them, for the women were not allowed to open a single ear of corn. But the silk on most of the ears was all brown and withered.

Then the medicine-men told several of the old women, who had patches of corn, to bring into the medicine-lodge, at sunrise, two ears of corn apiece. And the medicine-men would n't let the old women even peep through the husks to see how the corn was getting along. They wanted to husk the ears, themselves, and they wanted the husks to be unbroken. So, every day, at sunrise, these old women came to the medicine-lodge, and they brought their ears of corn. Sha-ko-ka was n't one of the old women, for she was n't old.

Every day, the medicine-men took the

corn, and they did n't say anything, but they nodded, and the women went away. And a pot of water was boiling over the fire-pit of the lodge, and the medicine-men made a little sacrifice of corn to the Great Spirit, and then they husked all the ears and looked at them carefully and felt of them and put them in the boiling water. Then they all sat around for about twenty minutes or half an hour while the corn was boiling. By that time it was done enough, and they took it out of the water, and as soon as it was cool enough, they tried eating it, each medicine-man taking a bite of each ear. The first day, they thought it was much too young; but on the second day it was better, and on the third day it was almost right, and on the fourth day it was just right.

So the runners or criers were sent out,

and they went to every part of the village, and they told all the people that the Great Spirit had been good to them, and they must all meet, on the next day, to return thanks for his goodness. And they must all empty their stomachs and get ready for the corn feast.

So the next morning, the people all came together at the place where the medicine-men were, and Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah were there. Mah-ha was there, too, but he was n't with the rest of his family. When the people were all there, together, the medicine-men took a kettle half full of water, and they hung it over a fire that was already burning, and they put into the kettle a great many ears of corn. This first kettleful of corn was for a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and this sac-

rifice had to be made before any one could eat a mouthful.

While the water was boiling, four medicine-men came out of the medicine-lodge. Their bodies were painted with white clay, and each one of the four held a stalk of corn in one hand and a rattle in the other, and they began to dance around the kettle, singing a song of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit and shaking their rattles. Then there came a good many warriors, each one with a stalk of corn in his hand, and they began to dance, in a large circle, around the kettle and the four medicine-men, and they joined in the song. Mah-ha was one of those warriors. O-me-pah saw Mah-ha, but he did n't dare to speak to him. While the dance was going on, some men came with wooden bowls, and they put the wooden bowls on



THE CORN-DANCE

the ground, in a circle, and each bowl had a spoon made of the horn of the buffalo or of the mountain sheep.

When the medicine-men thought that the corn was boiled enough, the dance stopped for a few minutes while they were taking the corn out of the hot water. Then it began again, but they sang a different song, while the medicine-men were putting up a little platform of sticks, right over the fire, and were putting the corn upon the platform. Then the medicine-men joined in the dance and the song; and the fire dried the corn, and the platform of little sticks began to burn, and the corn began to burn, and at last it burned all up to ashes, and the ashes fell into the fire.

Then the song stopped and the dance stopped. And the medicine-men brushed

the fire and the ashes away, and they dug a hole in the ground where the fire had been. And they put the fire and the ashes in the hole, and they covered it with dirt. Then they got ready to kindle a new fire on the same spot where the old fire had been.

This was hard work. They did n't have any matches, and they did n't use a flint and steel, but they did it this way: Three men sat upon the ground, facing one another and very close together. On the ground was a block of hard wood, with a hole started in it. And one of the three men took a round stick of wood, about as big around as his thumb, and he put the end of that stick, which was pointed, into the hole in the block. Then he put the other end of the stick against his chest, and he bore on very hard, and he twirled the stick, very

fast, back and forth between his hands. He held his hands out flat, so that he could twirl the stick better, and they slid, gradually, down towards the point of the stick as he twirled it. When his hands had got too near the point of the stick, he had to let go and begin again, with his hands near his chest. And one of the other men threw some fine punk, or rotten wood, into the hole in the block, so that it covered the point of the stick, and as the stick was twirled, and scattered the punk, he kept pushing it back.

In a little while, the man who was twirling the stick began to get tired. When he was so tired that he could n't twirl it fast, he gave a grunt and the next man took it very quickly and began to twirl it so that it scarcely stopped. And the third man kept putting the punk back.

When that second man was tired, the third took the stick; and so they did until a little fine curl of smoke began to rise from the punk. Then the man who was twirling the stick twirled it faster than ever, and a spark showed in the punk. The other two men began to blow that spark, and there was a great shout from the crowd, and the man who had been twirling the stick between his hands dropped it, and they put other things on the spark and there was a little blaze, and the fire was kindled.

On the fire which had been kindled in this way they put another kettleful of corn. When that kettleful had been boiled enough, the medicine-men and the chiefs and the warriors sat down and ate it. And after that, the rest of the tribe ate green corn, as much as they liked. They gave up their

hunting and their war excursions and their games, and they just ate corn and ate corn, until they had eaten all that they could hold; and they kept this up until the corn that there was left was too hard to eat in that way.

Mah-ha had all that he could hold, and so did Sha-ko-ka and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah. But O-me-pah ate so much in the first two days that it made him sick and he could n't eat any more. He did n't want any more then, but he was very sorry afterwards, when the corn was all gone.

The rest of the corn they left on the stalks in the field. And it got ripe and hard; and Sha-ko-ka put hers away. Some of it would be kept for seed the next year, but what she did n't need for seed they would have during the winter, dried on the cob.

XXI

THE ARROW-GAME STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One morning, O-me-pah saw Mah-ha putting his bow in order and getting it ready to use. He made the bowstring all smooth, and when he had got it as smooth as he

could he rubbed a very little grease on it, and rubbed it and rubbed it between his fingers. Then he looked at his bow and at the deer sinews that were on the back of it and saw that they were all right. The bow, itself, was made of a single piece of bone, and it was so white and close-grained that it looked like ivory; and the deer sinews were put on the back to make it shoot harder.

When O-me-pah saw Mah-ha doing all this, he knew that he was going to shoot in the arrow-game, and he came up close to Mah-ha while he took up his arrows, one by one, and looked at them. He looked hardest at the feathers and at the notch, which fitted on the bowstring, and he picked out ten arrows that had the feathers put on just right, and that had the best notches.

But he made some of the notches bigger and smoother. Then he took the ten arrows in his hand with the bow, and he took up his second-best shield, and he went out, with O-me-pah following. And he took such long steps that O-me-pah had to trot to keep up with him.

Mah-ha walked along the narrow path between the lodges until he came to the gate of the village. And he went out at the gate and turned to the right, away from the river, and walked straight out on the prairie toward a crowd of Indians that O-me-pah saw, far off. These men were standing close together, and there were a lot of others that were riding about over the prairie, nowhere in particular. Mah-ha walked up to the men that were standing close together, and when he came near,

O-me-pah saw a pile of shields and quivers and robes and other things. For in this game, as in most games that the Indians played, each one had to bet something that he would win. And in this arrow-game, each man had bet a shield or a robe or a quiver or a pipe or something else; and the man who kept the most arrows in the air at once would take all the things that were in the pile.

So Mah-ha came up to the crowd of men, and he held his shield up for everybody to see, and he told what a fine shield it was. And the men were satisfied, and Mah-ha cast his shield down on the pile. But there were some of the men who were sorry that Mah-ha had come, for Mah-ha could shoot very fast, and they were afraid that he would win all those shields and quivers and pipes.

Then they were ready to begin; and a man named Mah-sish stepped forward and got ready to shoot. He fixed his arrows in his hand so that it would be easier for him to take a fresh one and fit it to the string of his bow; and he fitted an arrow to the string, and he looked at his bow and his arrows again to see that they were the way he wanted them, and he raised his bow until the arrow pointed nearly straight up. Then he pulled it quickly, and fitted another arrow as fast as he could and shot that one, and so he did until his first arrow struck the ground. Then the men who were the judges stopped him, although he had another arrow on the string and the bow drawn.

Mah-sish had kept six arrows in the air, and almost seven. And Mah-sish stepped back, and some of the men who were riding



THE ARROW GAME

their horses around went and picked up his arrows. Then another man came forward.

The second man was Ptem-day. He did the same way that Mah-sish had done, but he did n't take so long to get ready. Ptem-day shot seven arrows before the first one came down to the ground again. Then Pah-hee shot, and he shot seven arrows, too.

Then Mah-man-a-coo shot, and Om-pah-me-nah-da and Ka-ka and Mah-to and Har-rat-ta and a whole lot of others. But none of all those men kept more than seven arrows up at once except Ka-ka, the raven. He kept eight arrows in the air. And they had all shot but Mah-ha, and none of them had shot less than six.

And Mah-ha stepped up. He had got all ready while the others were shooting. And Ka-ka boasted and tried to make fun of

Mah-ha. Ka-ka said that it would be of no use for Mah-ha to shoot, because he, Ka-ka, had already done as much as it was possible for any man to do, and Mah-ha might as well take back his shield again and go to his lodge; or he might let his son shoot for him. And O-me-pah watched his father, to see what he would do. Mah-ha didn't like such talk.

But Mah-ha only smiled; and he took one more step, and he raised his bow quickly and pulled it strongly, and he fitted other arrows to the string and let them fly, one after the other, so fast that it looked as if a flock of birds were flying from his bow. And Mah-ha shot his tenth arrow just as the first struck the ground. But the judges didn't count that last arrow, so that made nine for Mah-ha. And O-me-pah was so

excited that he shouted aloud and danced about.

Mah-ha smiled again and looked at Ka-ka, and then he stalked off to the village, and he sent Sha-ko-ka and the other women to bring back all that pile of shields and quivers and pipes and robes and other things. But O-me-pah had run to pick up Mah-ha's arrows.

XXII

THE WILD HORSE STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

One day O-me-pah had climbed up on top of the lodge, and he was dropping sticks down through the smoke-hole. And he looked up, and he saw a man running and

making signs that there was a herd of wild horses about three miles out on the prairie. And O-me-pah knew what the man meant by the signs that he was making, and he called down, through the smoke-hole, and told his father about it. For Mah-ha had gone in, a little while before, to eat his dinner.

Mah-ha heard and came running out, leaving his dinner. And he ran to the place where his horses were, and he took the fastest horse that he had, and he took his lasso, that was made of raw-hide, braided, and was about forty feet long. And he jumped on the horse's back and he set off, full tilt. There were seven other men who started at just about the same time, and more men kept coming. But the last men would n't have much chance at the wild horses.

O-me-pah knew that he could n't expect to see much, but he scrambled down from the top of the lodge, and he ran, as fast as he could, along the narrow path between the lodges to the gate of the village; and out at the gate and over the prairie to the top of the nearest little hill. He did n't go any farther, for his father and mother had told him not to go farther from the village when he was alone. When he got to the top of that little hill he was disappointed, for he could n't see anything of the wild horses. He could see only the men on their horses that were running as hard as they could pelt. They were almost out of sight, and Mah-ha was ahead.

Mah-ha led the other hunters to a place from which he could just see the wild horses. Then he held up his hand, and they

all made their horses go slower; and Mah-ha turned aside, and led them into a ravine, or down place, and along the ravine, very quietly, until they were opposite the herd of wild horses and pretty near them. Then he gave another signal, and they burst out of the ravine at full speed.

The wild horses had known that something was near, and they were turned toward the ravine and were all looking to see what would come out of it. And when they saw, they started off instantly at the top of their speed, and the hunters rode after them as fast as their horses would run.

Each of the wild horses was running as fast as he could, and the best and fastest of them could run very much faster than the slowest. So it happened that the best and fastest wild horses gained on the hunters,

right from the start; and there were some that did n't gain and did n't lose, but always stayed just as far ahead as they were when they started; and there were some others that did n't run so fast, and the hunters gained on them, and were overtaking them slowly. So you see why the Indians never could catch the best of the wild horses by chasing them in this way, but only horses that were a little better than the poorest and slowest.

The men kept on chasing the wild horses for over two miles; and by that time, the best of the wild horses were almost out of sight, and were stopping, once in a while, to see what was happening. And the middle-best horses were just as far ahead of the hunters as ever, and they were still running. But the hunters had begun to catch



LASSOING A WILD HORSE

up with the poorest horses, and Mah-ha was ahead.

Mah-ha kept whipping his horse with the short whip that was tied to his right wrist. He did n't pay any attention to the horses that he overtook first, for he knew that they were the poorest of all; and he went right by them and left them for the other men to catch. He had his eye on a horse that he thought was the fastest that he could overtake. He was gaining on it, slowly, but the other men were n't, and they could n't catch it however far they ran. The horse that Mah-ha meant to catch was of all colors, a sort of a calico pony. For all these horses were small, about the size of a polo pony.

They kept on and on; and at last Mah-ha thought that he was near enough to the calico pony to throw the lasso over its head.

So he gathered the lasso up in long, slippery coils, and he whirled it twice and threw it. And the lasso shot out as if it were alive, like a snake, and the noose fell about the neck of that calico pony. And Mah-ha pulled on it, to tighten it, and he jumped off his horse, but he kept hold of the end of the lasso. Mah-ha's horse was glad enough to stop, and pretty soon, he was eating grass and wandering about wherever he wanted to.

The calico pony was still running, and he tried harder than ever when he felt the lasso around his neck, so that Mah-ha had to run very fast to keep up with him and so as not to fall down. But the lasso was tight around the calico pony's neck, and he had hard work to breathe; so he had to go slower. And the lasso got tighter and the pony could n't

breathe at all, so that he had to stop. For you can't run when you can't get your breath. And the pony reared and plunged, and the lasso choked him so that he fell down on the ground.

Then Mah-ha walked up to the wild horse, but he kept the lasso tight all the time. And he came close up to him, and he tied his front feet together with the loose end of the lasso. And he put a noose around the under jaw of the horse, and then he took off the lasso that was choking him. Then he jumped back, quickly, a little way, but he kept tight hold of the lasso.

The wild horse, as soon as Mah-ha had loosed the lasso from about his neck, choked a little and gave two little coughs, and jumped to his feet. When he found that his front feet were tied together, he very nearly fell

down again. Then he reared up as high as he could, and he would have fallen over on his back if Mah-ha had n't been holding him down by the noose about his jaw.

And Mah-ha slowly pulled himself up by the lasso, near the rearing, plunging, and snorting horse, which was getting covered with white foam. And he put his hand over the horse's nose and then over his eyes. And while he had his hand over the horse's eyes, hé breathed three times into his nostrils, deep, full breaths. And the horse gradually became quiet, but he did n't stop trembling all over, and he was so covered with white foam that he looked like a white horse and not like a calico horse at all.

Pretty soon, Mah-ha untied the horse's front feet, but he did n't take the noose off his jaw. And he got upon his back. And

he rode that calico horse, which was trembling and frightened, back to the place where he had left his horse. Then he took the bridle of his horse, and he led it back to the place where the other hunters were. Some of them had caught horses and some had n't.

Then they went back to the village, and those who had caught wild horses rode the horses which they had caught. And O-me-pah saw them coming, and he saw Mah-ha riding his calico horse, and he was glad and he shouted, and he ran to the village beside them. But he did n't go very near, for wild horses are wild horses.

XXIII

THE MEDICINE-BAG STORY

ONCE upon a time, far up on the Missouri River, there was a village where the Mandan tribe of Indians lived. The lodges were round, and they were all covered with dirt, so that they looked like enormous earthenware pots turned upside down. In one of these lodges lived Mah-ha and Sha-ko-ka, his wife, and San-ja-ka-ko-ka and O-me-pah, his sons.

They lived there, summer and winter. In the summer, they did the things that are told about in the other stories, and they did a good many other things, too; and in the

winter, which was long and cold, they did n't do much of anything but try to keep warm in their earth-covered lodges, and eat the food which they had put away to eat during the winter. When they went about, they generally had to go on snow-shoes, because the prairie was covered with deep snow. And sometimes the buffalo came, and the men went out on their snow-shoes and killed as many as they wanted, without any trouble at all; and once in a while, elk wandered there. Elk usually spent the winter in a different part of the country, but there were some little animals to hunt, all winter, and there were always the wolves.

So they lived until O-me-pah was almost fifteen. And Mah-ha counted the notches that he had cut on the stem of his pipe since O-me-pah was born, and he saw that

he was old enough to be making his medicine. Medicine means mystery or magic. So Mah-ha spoke to O-me-pah and told him that he had better be thinking of his medicine. O-me-pah had already been thinking about it, for he knew that it was time. And a few weeks after that, when the leaves were just coming out upon the willows, there was a night when O-me-pah did n't come home to his father's lodge. But Mah-ha knew what O-me-pah was doing, although he did n't know where O-me-pah was.

O-me-pah had n't said anything to anybody, but he had wandered off that morning without knowing exactly where he was going, and he had n't taken his bow and arrows or his knife, and he had n't taken anything to eat. He had gone on, up the



THE MEDICINE-BAG

river, but always keeping it in sight, and he had followed the shore all around the "big bend," until, suddenly, he knew where he was going. And he kept on until he came to a sort of a bridge or narrow path on the top of one of the bluffs, and that was all the top there was to that bluff. He walked out on this bridge until it ended suddenly and there was n't any more bluff there, but he was more than two hundred feet above the river; and the river was spread out before him for a long way, and there were great high bluffs of clay that showed many colors, and some high hills, far off, of many colors, too. All these bluffs and hills had curious flat tops. O-me-pah thought that this place would be a good place for him to be when he called on the Great Spirit and prayed to him. And I think he was right.

So he lay down on the ground, just where the path ended and the end of the bluff was very steep down to the river, and he looked out, for a long time, at the river and the hills. I don't know what he was thinking about, but pretty soon he began to call upon the Great Spirit. At first he called with a rather faint voice, but he was afraid the Great Spirit would n't hear him and he made his voice loud.

He kept on calling and praying until it grew dark. Then, presently, he fell asleep and, sleeping, he dreamed that a little white wolf came along the narrow platform of earth on top of the bluff. And the little white wolf saw him lying upon the end of the path, just where the bluff went down steep to the river, and the wolf stopped and turned around and went away again. And O-me-

pah tried to call to the little white wolf, but he could n't make a sound. He tried very hard and woke himself up with trying and it was daylight.

All that day he stayed there, calling and praying to the Great Spirit, and he did n't have anything to eat. And night came and he slept again. And again he dreamed that the little white wolf came along the narrow path and saw him lying there. And the wolf stopped and sat down upon its haunches and its tongue hung out; and it looked at him for a long time, and then it got up and turned about and went away. But O-me-pah did n't try to call to it, for he knew that he could n't. When he woke, the sun was just coming up.

And all that third day O-me-pah stayed there without anything to eat, and he prayed

to the Great Spirit. And again that night he dreamed of the little white wolf, and the wolf came up to him, where he lay, and licked his face. Then, when he tried to catch it, it was gone, and O-me-pah was sitting up, awake; and it was getting gray in the east.

So O-me-pah thought that he had dreamed enough, and he got up and walked toward the village. But he was faint, for he had n't had anything to eat for three days, and it took him a long time to get there, because he had to walk slowly back over the way he had come. But, about noon, he walked in at the gate of the village, and along the narrow path between the lodges until he came to Mah-ha's lodge. And he went in, and there was Mah-ha sitting cross-legged by the fire, eating.

O-me-pah sat down by Mah-ha and told all that had happened to him since he went away. And Mah-ha smiled at him, and he said that it was very well, so far, but that there was more to be done. And O-me-pah said that he knew what was to be done and he would do it, but first he must have meat to eat and water to drink. And Sha-ko-ka came and got water for him to drink, all that he wanted, and he helped himself to the stew that was hot and simmering in the pot. It tasted very good to him, but Mah-ha would n't let him eat all he wanted, right then; but he let O-me-pah eat a little at a time and often. And, when night came, he did n't feel faint any more.

All that afternoon, O-me-pah had been busy. When he was n't eating, he was seeing that his bow and arrows were ready

and fixing them up; and when they were all right, he was making a trap. When it grew dark, he had his trap done, and his bow and arrows all ready and his knife sharpened. Then he went to bed and to sleep.

O-me-pah got up before daylight, and he helped himself to some breakfast, which Sha-ko-ka had all ready for him, and he took his bow and arrows and his knife and his trap and he went out. He ran along the narrow path between the lodges and out at the gate of the village and over the prairie towards some rocks that he knew. These rocks were in a high hill with a flat top, and the high hill was about a mile back from the river, near the place where he had been lying when he had the dreams of the little white wolf. O-me-pah knew that there were

wolf dens about those rocks, but he did n't know whether there were any white wolves there. He hoped that there were.

The sun was shining long before O-me-pah got anywhere near the rocks. When he got there he began looking about, carefully, all along by the foot of the rocks, for any track or any sign of wolves, so that he could see where they went when they went home. And, at last, he found a place where the prairie-grass was bent down; and there was a place on the rocks above that was worn smooth and was darker colored than the rest of the rocks, and there was a little gravel, in a sort of a corner, that showed that it had been stepped on very often. And O-me-pah followed this track as well as he could.

He had to be very careful not to make any noise at all, and very careful not to let

the wolves smell him. But the wind was the right way for O-me-pah. It was n't the right way for the wolves, though, and the wolf-smell was strong. Pretty soon the wolf-smell began to be mixed with a dead-animal smell, and O-me-pah heard a little crunching noise, and he knew that there was a den somewhere near.

Then he was more careful than ever, and he peeped over a great overhanging rock and he saw, almost underneath him, the mouth of the den and bones scattered about and the mother-wolf lying down, half asleep. And he saw four young wolves gnawing some bones that their mother had brought them. They were old enough to have some teeth, but they were all a light gray. O-me-pah was sorry that none of them was white, and he wondered whether a very light gray

wolf would n't do as well as a white one. And while he was trying to make up his mind, a little white nose poked out of the den, and a little white body after the nose, and there was his little white wolf.

Then O-me-pah was glad, and he drew back quietly and hid, high up in the rocks; but he could see the mouth of the den. The sunshine made his hiding-place very hot, but he stayed there and waited and did n't move. And after a while, the mother-wolf got up and went into the den, and the wolf-cubs went in, too. Still O-me-pah waited. He waited until the afternoon. Then the mother-wolf came out and looked around, and trotted off down the path among the rocks.

When she was out of sight, and when O-me-pah thought she was too far off to

hear any sounds from the den, he got down and set his trap where he thought the white cub would be likely to get into it. The cubs were snarling at him while he set it. And when he had it set, he climbed back to his hiding-place among the rocks. He had scarcely got there when the mother-wolf came back, without a sound.

Instantly, the hair rose up straight all along her back and on her neck, for she smelt O-me-pah. And she found the trap and bit it until she had bitten it to pieces. And she found the track of O-me-pah on the rocks, and she looked up and saw him, and she saw that he was n't very big, and she bounded up the rocks toward him.

O-me-pah was n't exactly frightened, but there was a queer feeling at the roots of his hair, and a lump came in his throat, and he

had to breathe fast. But he took his bow and an arrow and fitted the arrow to the string, and he had his other arrows ready. And when the mother-wolf was pretty near, about five jumps away, he pulled the bow as hard as he could, and shot. And the arrow went into the old wolf's chest, clear to the feather, and she tumbled backward down among the rocks, and she couldn't get up.

When the old wolf tumbled down, the cubs thought that she was playing, and they ran out to play with her. So O-me-pah thought that here was his chance, and he fitted another arrow to the string of his bow, and he gritted his teeth and he pulled the bow so hard that it made him grunt.

The arrow went true and swift, and it struck the white cub just behind the shoulders and he fell over, biting at the arrow.

When O-me-pah got down, the white cub was dead and the old wolf was dead. The four gray cubs ran into the den growling and showing their teeth and looking as fierce as they could. They didn't look at all like puppies, then.

And O-me-pah took his knife and skinned the little white wolf as quickly as he could. When he had it done, the sun was setting and he started away; but he thought it was too bad not to carry away the skin of the old wolf, too. So he turned back again, and he skinned the old wolf. He worked as fast as he could, but it was about dark when he was through. And he wrapped the skins up carefully, so that he shouldn't get a lot of other wolves after him, and he got down out of the rocks before it was quite dark, and he ran all the way back to the village.

He did n't hear any wolves coming after him, although he kept thinking that he did.

Mah-ha was very proud of O-me-pah, because he had killed that old wolf besides getting his medicine-bag. For the skin of the little white wolf was O-me-pah's medicine-bag; and Sha-ko-ka helped him make it right, the way she had done with the buffalo-robe. And he stuffed it with sweet prairie-grass, and put into it sweet-smelling things besides; and they sewed it up and ornamented it with porcupine quills and all sorts of queer things.

O-me-pah carried that white wolf skin all his life; for he thought that it gave him strength in battle, and he thought that it was his guardian spirit, that would lead him safe to the beautiful hunting-grounds after he was dead.

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